

The Messenger

"Is the Truth in Jesus?"

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Poetry.

LAUDES DEO DEVOTAS.

High praise to God, and laud devout
With dulcet voice and joyous shout
Let the faithful people pay;
For on the chosen twelve that day
The HOLY SPIRIT'S grace adored
In cloven tongues of fire was poured.
Oh, may the present PARACLETE
Purge us from every taint of sin,
And build Himself a dwelling meet,
And pour our inmost hearts within
All gifts and graces, that aright
Our life be pleasing in His sight,
Through endless ages infinite.
Sing we, shout we—Alleluia,
To our God be praise and power,
Honor, glory, strength and might!
—Compline Hymn ascribed to St. Nokter from
York Breviary, A. D. 912.

Theology and Criticism.

For the Messenger.

FAITH IN THE SPIRIT.

Of Christian faith the central and distinguishing object is Christ, the Son of God come in the flesh. The Son is the manifestation of the Father. The Father glorified in His Son incarnate, sends the Holy Spirit. The Spirit proceeding from the Father glorifies the Son incarnate in His Church. "He shall glorify me: for He shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you."

Christ as the distinguishing object of Christian faith implies and includes faith in God the Father; not faith in God as the Supreme Being, but faith in God as He has manifested His nature and character in the person and redemptive work of Jesus Christ. Belief in a Supreme Being, who upholds and governs the worlds, as He addresses us in things seen and in the constitution of fallen humanity, is the outgrowth of the religious life of man as man. It is the natural basis of Christian faith in God; but by itself it is not Christian. Only God the Father revealed by Jesus of Nazareth in His mediatorial work as this is set forth in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, is the object of the faith of a Christian. The Father is not a figure of speech, not a title of dignity or affection, but a true name. Our God is the Father of His only begotten Son, Jesus Christ, in whom He is our Father inasmuch as we are begotten of Him in His Son by the Holy Spirit.

Christ as the distinguishing object of faith involves belief in the Holy Spirit; not belief in the Supreme Being as absolute Spirit in contradistinction from the material universe; not belief in the breath of God active in the formative processes of nature and in the inscrutable movements of history; but belief in the Holy Ghost, foretold by the prophet Joel, promised by our Lord in the days of His flesh, and in fulfillment of prophecy and promise given miraculously to His waiting disciples on the day of Pentecost. The original inbreathing of God is not extinct. Spiritual and heavenly powers are ever working in the hidden depths of heaven: but such operation of God's Spirit is not specifically the object challenging our faith as Christians. That Scripture pre-

supposes and acknowledges, but from that the New Testament clearly distinguishes the Holy Ghost. The Spirit addressing and demanding the faith of a follower of Christ is He by whom Jesus was conceived and sanctified, by whom Jesus offered Himself without spot on the cross, by whom Jesus was demonstrated to be the Son of God with power by the resurrection from the dead, by whom Jesus was perfected in the glory of the Father. The Spirit of the Father thus manifested by a new creation is the Holy Ghost promised and given to the Church, the body of Christ. In this community of believers the Holy Ghost lives and works as the Spirit of Christ, where He manifests His presence by the Word, by the sacraments, by the new birth, by the forgiveness of sins, by the resurrection from the dead, and by the life everlasting.

Belief in the Spirit peculiar to the supernatural economy of grace, is essential to Christian faith. Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost, manifest in the redemption of the world by Jesus Christ, is the one true God. As there is no true faith in the Father but that which honors the Father manifested by His Son; so there is no true faith in the Son but that which recognizes and appropriates the Son as manifest and present in the communion of the Church by His Holy Spirit. To deny the Spirit is to deny the Son; and to deny the Son is to deny the Father.

The word of Jesus did not fail. The disciples received the Comforter according to the promise. Through all the ages since the day of Pentecost, the word of Jesus has not failed. "I will pray the Father and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you forever; even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him: but ye know Him, for He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." Christ glorified, has by the Spirit been living in His people and communicating to them His grace with unbroken continuity to the present moment. Believers have at no time been orphans.

Too much importance cannot be given to the necessity and the operations of the Spirit. It is He who animates Holy Scripture, who perpetuates the sacraments in their original freshness and virtue; who regenerates and sanctifies, enlightens and guides, strengthens and controls them that believe. Were the Holy Spirit not given we should have no completed work of redemption.

But that the Church may experience the full benefit of the advent of the Spirit it is equally important that she repose undoubted confidence in the fact of His advent and continuous presence. If we would receive His gifts in greater fullness, and grow in His wisdom and heavenly power, we must cultivate true faith in the Spirit. That He abides with us in the midst of every conflict notwithstanding our numerous shortcomings, ever working in us to will and to do the truth, we shall realize in the degree that we appropriate His peculiar gifts, and experience the peace, the hope, and joy of Christ which He alone sheds abroad in the hearts of believers. E. V. G.

Communications.

For The Messenger.

MELROSE AND ABBOTSFORD.

It seems odd to speak of going to Melrose by railway. To preserve the proprieties of the occasion the pilgrim ought to travel slowly, leaning on his staff, until at last he reaches the sacred shrine. There are, however, few travelers who are so romantic, and we were not among their number. An hour's ride brought us from Edinburgh to Melrose, a little town which derives all its importance from the ruins of its celebrated abbey.

The town itself would have a squalid appearance if it were not for several hotels, which have been erected for the accommodation of tourists. At the well in the center of the town there is a broken stone cross, which is probably very ancient. An upright pillar is still standing, but the arms have been broken off by some one who objected to the symbol as savoring of Roman idolatry.

The church is the only part of the abbey which is still standing, and even that is a ruin. A high fence has been built around it, and a hotel stands at the gate, so that no

one can closely examine the ruins without paying the customary sixpence.

From Melrose it is about three miles to Abbotsoford, once the residence of the man who gave the abbey its chief celebrity. It was still early in the afternoon, and by starting immediately we might reach Abbotsoford before four o'clock, at which hour the gates are closed. There was no difficulty in securing a carriage, and in a few minutes we were driving along a narrow road, through a landscape which is renowned in border legend and song.

Abbotsoford is a noble mansion, erected in mediæval style by Sir Walter Scott, who, as has been often remarked, was "more anxious to rank as a Scotch nobleman than to enjoy the fame of a great author." The building bears abundant evidence of the princely tastes of the original owner—tastes so expensive that they brought him to the verge of ruin. It is situated near the Tweed, at the foot of a steep hill. The visitor approaches by a winding path, through a dense park, and therefore cannot see the house until he is within a few steps of the door. Only a part of the mansion is open to the public; but this part includes the rooms which were generally occupied by Sir Walter. At the door you are expected to pay a shilling, and to write your name in a book provided for the purpose. It may seem a small thing for the Scott family to charge an admission fee to their mansion; but so great is the number of visitors that, with the tolls paid by persons driving over their private road, the sum thus collected is said to amount to several thousand dollars annually.

You first enter a small ante-room which is decorated with engravings and a bust of Sir Walter, and are then ushered into the study which remains precisely as the owner left it. It is a lofty apartment; the walls covered with books from floor to ceiling, with a narrow room. An ornamental staircase in the corner leads up to the gallery, from which books in the highest shelves can easily be reached. The books in this room are those which Sir Walter had selected for constant use. In the adjoining apartment are those which seem to have been purchased principally for their beauty and rarity. Altogether, the library consists of about twenty thousand choice volumes, mostly bound in Turkey morocco, and with Sir Walter's emblem—the portcullis—impressed on the cover. In the library and drawing-room there are portraits of the Scott family, with many beautiful presents received from distinguished men, and a number of antiquities illustrating the history of Scotland. Several other rooms are decorated with curious weapons and mediæval armor. The hall is ornamented with carved escutcheons representing the principal Lowland families, which according to an inscription in Gothic characters, "keep ye Scottish marches." The ceilings are of oak curiously carved, and the hard-wood floors are highly polished.

Through an open window we saw Sir Walter's great grand-daughter, Mrs. Maxwell-Scott, seated in a rustic chair, with three blooming children at her side. She was very beautiful, and appeared to be in perfect health. We have since seen an announcement of her death, but have learned no particulars.

After gathering a few daisies at Abbotsoford we returned to Melrose to explore the abbey. Any attempt minutely to describe that wonderful ruin must necessarily prove a failure. It must remain a beautiful memory which no art can depict for those who have not seen it.

The abbey of Melrose was founded in A. D. 1136, and having been partly destroyed by an English army, was in great part rebuilt by Robert the Bruce, in 1322. Though it has suffered greatly from time and the destructive efforts of man, it is still one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture in existence. The church, which is built in the form of a cross, was originally about four hundred feet in length, but is now hardly three hundred. With the exception of a small portion which is arched, it is roofless; and the beautiful windows are open to the weather. Many of the statues which once decorated the building were destroyed at the time of the Reformation, but a few still remain. Some parts of the transept are ornamented with sculptured forms of plants

and animals; and among the fantastic figures along the eaves is a representation of a pig playing the bag-pipes. Those parts of the cloisters which are still standing exhibit the most remarkable skill and fancy in their adornment; and the forms of flowers and stalks are so exquisitely carved that a straw can be thrust between their interstices. The stone in which these ornaments are carved is so durable that the most delicate flower appears as though it might have been executed yesterday.

We had hardly entered the enclosure when a young woman, the daughter of the janitor, joined our company. She was well informed and exceedingly voluble. "Here," she said, "where the high altar stood, the heart of Robert Bruce was buried; on either side are the graves of Alexander II. and the Black Douglas; further back is the tomb of Michael Scott, the wizard; and on this large stone Sir Walter sat while composing 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel.'"

When the young lady had finished her story we offered her a sixpence; but, for the first time in our European experience, it was refused. Still, she would not leave us, and even when we sat down to admire the architecture at our leisure, she remained standing at our side. At last the secret came out. "Many Americans," she said, "have a habit of breaking off small sculptured ornaments for the purpose of carrying them away with them as keepsakes. Please do not do that. A few days ago, when we were not looking, an American broke off a large piece of the stone we call 'Sir Walter's seat,' and took it with him. Take as much ivy as you please, but spare the walls!"

We felt humiliated. The young lady had actually been watching us, because we were known to be Americans. Can it be, we asked ourselves, that some Americans are such vandals? What man of sense—not to say taste or culture—would deface this beautiful sculpture for the purpose of carrying away a few worthless fragments?

A few minutes later—while we were standing by the tomb of Sir David Brewster in the adjacent churchyard, our eyes were suddenly opened. A tall American, who had for some time been looking steadily at the abbey, exclaimed in a loud tone: "It is a great shame!"

"What is a shame?" we ventured to inquire.

"It is a great shame," he continued, "to let this old thing stand. Why don't they pull it down? If they don't, it will fall some day and hurt somebody. In America we would not stand it—No! not for a day. It would have to give way before the march of modern improvement."

Here was a man who was willing, not only to break off a little piece of sculpture, but to pull down the whole edifice. We could not answer him a word, and we still feel that further comment is unnecessary.

We left Melrose at ten o'clock at night, and reached London at eight next morning. It was a long ride; but time was precious, and we expected to see more of England on our return from the continent.

After three o'clock it was sufficiently light to catch glimpses of the landscape as we hurried past. It had a beauty peculiarly its own; the fields were well kept and the hedges neatly trimmed. The farm-houses, with their quaint gables and broad bay windows, looked comfortable and inviting; and even the great flocks of broad-faced Cotswold sheep appeared serenely happy.

We may say at this point that we have no fault to find with England, nor with its people. We had been under the impression that the English were exceedingly cold and proud; that, in popular parlance, they "wore their ears pinned back," and delighted in transfixing strangers with a stony stare. No mistake could possibly have been greater. Except in the case of a few snobs and flunkies, there was everywhere a disposition to be friendly and communicative; and to our great surprise, we constantly heard expressions of unbounded admiration for America, not unmixed with a certain dread of future commercial rivalry. "I like the Americans," said one, "but I would like them better if they did not so constantly repeat the language of their Declaration of Independence, which denounces the tyranny of a king about whom the present generation of Englishmen knows little and cares less." "Is

it true," inquired another, "that your people hate England as intensely as your papers seem to intimate?" Then, almost in the same breath, he answered his own question by remarking: "I have often wondered whether the fiery articles in the New York papers are not written by politicians, for the purpose of catching the Irish vote."

An Oxford student, whom we met subsequently, exclaimed: "What a glorious empire England and America would have formed if they could have remained united. But I suppose a separation was inevitable, and it was well it happened when it did. Whatever may be the forms of government, so long as the English and Americans have the same language and the same literature they will be essentially the same people."

In quoting these remarks we do not, of course, endorse them; but they are a specimen of what we heard everywhere. Whatever may be the views of the ruling classes, we feel perfectly convinced that the great body of the English people entertain the most kindly feelings for their American cousins.

J. H. D.

PHILOSOPHY AND PHILOLOGY.

Those who are familiar with this epistle of Seneca to his friend Lucilius, cannot have failed to notice the reluctance with which he admits that the Philosophers have become Philologists. With him philology meant the love and pursuit of science and literature. A noble aim. But the aim of philosophy was higher; it was the love and pursuit of wisdom, sapientie amor ad affectatio, as he defines it in another epistle to the same friend, or as Cicero in his *De Officiis* had already defined it, sapientie studium. This wisdom—the sapientia of the Latins, and the sophia of the Greeks—was to all these thoughtful men, what it was to the inspired writer, "the principal thing;" the mater omnium rerum bonarum, says Cicero; the ars vite, adds Seneca. To turn away from this high end, to busy oneself with a descent, and Seneca could not without sorrow record the fact that what was formerly philosophy had now become philology. But may not the modern Philologists claim to have ascended these heights, where the Philosophers are gathered to discuss their great questions? Philology has long ceased to be regarded, even in the popular mind, as merely a curious study of words by antiquarians who delight in archaic or obsolete forms, the "Divisions of Purley," in the search for impossible derivations, or a learned and laborious discussion of the changes of vowels and consonants in which, according to the gibe of Voltaire, the vowels count for nothing, and the consonants next to nothing. Philology, from the modern point of view, is a thorough and comprehensive study not only of all languages and their literature, but of the science of language. This is to study man, for as a distinguished authority says: "There is no nook of man's mind, or heart, or will, no part of his nature or history, into which the student of language may not be called to look." The Philologist therefore, equally with the Philosopher, may use the oft-quoted line of Terence, *humani nihil a me alienum puto*. We continue, indeed, to send our boys to the schoolmaster that he may teach them Latin and Greek, for the scoffing of this practical age has not made us undervalue this thoroughly tested and approved means of cultivating the youthful faculties, nor the opulent results, in maturer years, of a familiar acquaintance with the languages in which is contained the literature that has quickened the intellectual life of all cultured nations. But the study of languages in this age has more in view than mental discipline or the ability to translate easily and correctly the classic authors. Its aim is not merely to know the thoughts of men which have come to us in many languages—a great heritage—but to know also the laws of mind in which all language is grounded. Words are things. The Philologist studies his word as the Botanist his plant. He inquires not only to what uses it may be applied, but by what laws it grows. Words not only contain thought, but they are, merely as words, the product of the laws of thought. To study these laws is to study mind; and does not philosophy reappear in philology, which thus comes to study with it those great questions which lie nearest to the lives of men? It would, perhaps, better suit another time and place to show how what I have said as to the study of those words which have grown up between man and man, is also true in a most significant and solemn sense of the great WORD, which was in the beginning with God, and which conveyed to man the thoughts of God. For He was not merely a teacher. He was Himself a revelation. We must not only know what He taught; it is life eternal to "KNOW HIM."—From President Cattell's Address before the American Historical Society.

Family Reading.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

Do you know you have asked me for the costliest thing
 Ever made by the Hand above—
 A woman's heart, and a woman's life,
 And a woman's wonderful love?

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing,
 As a child might ask for a toy?
 Demanding what others have died to win,
 With the reckless dash of a boy.

You have written my lesson of duty out,
 Man-like you have questioned me;
 Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul
 Until I shall question thee.

You require your mutton shall always be hot,
 Your socks and your shirts shall be whole;
 I require your heart to be true as God's stars,
 And pure as heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef,
 I require a far better thing;
 A seamstress you're wanting for stockings and shirts—
 I look for a man and a king.

A king for a beautiful realm called home,
 And a man that the Maker, God,
 Shall look upon as He did the first,
 And say "it is very good."

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade
 From my soft young cheek some day,
 Will you love me then 'mid the falling leaves,
 As you did 'mid the bloom of May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep
 I may launch my all on its tide?
 A loving woman finds heaven or hell
 On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true—
 All things that a man should be;
 If you give this all I would stake my life
 To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot do this, a landress and cook
 You can hire, with little to pay;
 But a woman's heart and a woman's life
 Are not to be won that way.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

For The Messenger.

PALM SUNDAY IN A THURINGIAN DORF.

Palm Sunday almost eclipses the greater Feast of Easter in a Thuringian village church. The whole church year is made to centre in this the feast of the newly confirmed, and Easter seems rather to come as a necessity than as something original, and necessary. The Holy Eucharist is given for the first time to the newly confirmed on Holy Thursday, and no celebration of the *Agape* takes place on Easter Day. This is the church order in the villages, not in the larger towns, as Erfurt, Weimar, Halle, Merseburg and Jena. Through the entire year the pastor Wuttig has instructed his confirmation class, meeting them twice each week in the village school. As Holy Week draws near, the pastor more frequently sees his catechumens. Every alternate Sunday throughout the entire year, the mid-day service from one to two o'clock is devoted to their catechisation.

In the nave of the church in Dorndorf the girls sit to the right and left of the altar—many of the churches have no apse or recess, so that the benches on which the "confirmanten" sit are immediately by the altar. The boys belonging to the confirmation class serve as chorists and are with the Cantor in the organ loft. Every second Sunday two stand by the altar, and respectively ask and answer the questions from the catechism. On the intervening Lord's Day two girls ask and respond in the same way. Very faithful is the training which these confirmanten children receive from the pastor. They are instructed at the same time in the leading points of Church History, and especially are well prepared in their weekly confirmanten lessons as to the Apostles' Creed. Repeatedly have I remained in the adjoining room and heard them respond in the aptest way to impromptu questions which the pastor would ask.

Each Confirmanten Stunde is begun with a verse from a well-known choral in which all heartily join, and is closed with the Lord's Prayer, repeated by one of the class. As each confirmanten leaves the room, an "adieu" is said to the pastor with a "shake of the hands." Many of the pastors have their Confirmanten Stunde from seven to eight in the morning, which early hour would not suit many of the pastors and catechetical classes in Pennsylvania and Maryland. The pastors exercise the most rigid discipline upon their catechumens. They rarely absent themselves from the Confirmanten Stunde, as the hour is called when being instructed by the pastor. The girls always come with bare heads, even in the coldest winter weather, so tenaciously does this German custom cling to the national life as a whole. Such are some of the preparatory stages for Confirmation Day, which in Thuringia is always on Palm Sunday. To-day the Dorndorf Confirmanten came for the last time to pastor Wuttig and began the hour with the rehearsal of the

Confirmation Hymn. Sitting in the study of the "Pfarrer Haus," I heard the solid, but harmonious tones of a German choral as sung by the children in the ante-room of the pastor's home. Then preceded by the pastor they came into the room adjoining that in which I sat, and answered the questions, which especially referred to the Apostles' Creed.

At high noon I am asked by pastor Wuttig to accompany him to the church, which adjoins the "Pfarrer Haus." Here we find the confirmanten, with the garlands and wreaths for their "Holy Confirmation Day"—thus it is named. The girls have brought the wreaths, the boys on long poles carry the garlands of pine. For many days they quietly worked, bringing the evergreens from the genuine, old Thuringian Wold. So quietly have they worked at one of their homes, that one does not know of the surprise, until all is ready. With a real, proper, conscious pride do they carry these their confirmanten trophies—the boys on their shoulders hold the garlands—the girls carry the wreaths. One wreath is especially fine, being made of box—it is for the altar—a girl holds it very carefully until it is placed thereon. The pastor says that I must aid him and the children in the arrangement of the garlands and wreaths. Whilst the girls are busily engaged in hanging the wreaths on the three rows of galleries, the boys are helping the pastor to hang the garland as American taste dictated. From the side galleries a garland extends to the sounding-board above the pulpit, which dividing in two parts is carried thence to the gallery on the opposite side of the church. Two boys from the private loges to the right and left of the altar, by the aid of a pole hang a wreath on the figures of the Evangelist and Baptist, which with somewhat grotesque countenances guard the pulpit—they are not able to reach the curious figure of the Risen Christ which caps this characteristic Thuringian altar reredos, else a wreath would hang there also. So curious was it to see the girls arranging the wreaths in the three tiers of galleries—they could almost extend their hands to one another so narrow is the church. American taste is allowed to suggest that fifteen of the wreaths be interlaced so as to symbolize the number of confirmanten. The pastor, the children aiding, soon have the requisite number ready, and a continuous circle stretches from one side of the reredos to the other. All are delighted at this new idea, and much it will be referred to by the village Frauen and Männer. A wreath here and a spray of green there, and one leaves the church in the hands of the sexton and the girls—the latter are reverently placing a few sprays of green at the foot of the altar.

A pleasure awaits one. The larger boys have placed four large pine trees by the entrance—two at the gate and two at the church door. From the roof of the rude portico, a garland hangs with a wreath in the centre. From the top of the two trees at the gate, another garland hangs. So quietly and regularly is all done, as if it had been thought out long before, and was therefore soon a reality. So picturesque did this the side entrance to the Dorndorf church seem with its confirmanten trees and Palm Sunday garlands. All is ready, and pastor Wuttig dismissing the children, the village church is bade adieu until the Holy Confirmation Day on the coming morrow—its exterior and interior dressed in holiday attire, as the future Frauen and Männer of Dorndorf are to be confirmed on the coming morrow. The sun which throughout the day had been obscured by March clouds, suddenly made bright the old church, as its testimony that all was well done. Then again it was hidden by the clouds, and the village again seems Lenten.

Palm Sunday has at last dawned upon Dorndorf. The village children are anxiously awaiting the hour of ten, when the morning service begins. The Frau Pastorin remarks that this is the day when great numbers are gathered into the fold of the Church throughout Germany. The pastor Wuttig shows me a list of the 370 Confirmanten, to be added to the different congregations in the capital of the Grand Duchy, Weimar. So carefully is it prepared—even the printing is in the form of hand-schrift. What is to be done in the Dorndorf Church this morning is a symbol of what is to be seen in each Dorf and Stadt in Weimar. From my window in the Pfarrer Haus, I see the village children who have gathered at the head of the stone steps which lead to the organ-loft. They have admired the pine-trees, garlands and wreaths which are to be seen by the entrance to the Gottes Ake and the door to the church, and they await at the head of the old stone treppi, up and down which the village children for many generations have gone, until the pastor will have passed through the Pfarrei gate. The village church bells ring merrily and a large congregation was gathered which now begin to sing the Palm Sunday Hymn.

One recognizes this as the same choral which the choir of St. Stephen's College Church in Lancaster is accustomed to sing on the "Palmarum." Leaving the Pfarrei and passing between the pine-trees and under the garlands of the rude porch of the church, one enters whilst this choral is being sung. From the "Logi" of the Pfarrei to the right of the altar, one can see distinctly the Confirmanten sitting. The boys have the newest shoes and caps, whilst their first coats are worn to-day. The girls are dressed simply in black, yet they are not out-done by the boys, for to-day they wear their first long dresses.

The pastor preaches an excellent sermon, after which the confirmation service begins. After an exhortation and the prayers of the Liturgy, Pfarrer Wuttig makes three personal questions to which the catechumens answer with strong Thuringian voices. Then he asks them to repeat the three articles of the Apostles' Creed. After the first article as to the belief in "God, the Father Almighty, maker of Heaven and Earth," the congregation sing a choral expressing their belief in the same. Again, after the second article as to the confession of God the Son, the congregation sing a choral as to their belief in God the Son, Redeemer of the world. The same order is observed as to the third article. The boys now approach the altar in pairs, and kneeling receive the rite of confirmation—after which they stand and receive the right-hand of fellowship from the pastor. The girls now approach the altar and are confirmed in like manner. During the celebration of the rite, the church chimes are ringing merrily, which was the most thoroughly characteristic feature of the confirmation service. When the bells have ceased ringing, one hears the tones of the chimes on the distant Dorndorf, proclaiming to the Dorndorfers what the Dorndorf bells have to the Dorndorfers, that the future Männer and Frauen of the village are receiving at this very moment the solemn rite of confirmation. Joyfully ring the bells from the Thuringian Burg Church Tower; merrily answer the bells of the Dorndorfers. Words cannot express the impression produced as one sat in this curiously-arranged Dorndorf church, and heard the tones of the bells in the two villages, thus answering one another. One, indeed, recognized that under the homely German clothing there is a deeper German heart which is very poetical, indeed, and very sentimental. So much more demonstrative and outward are the Germans in religious and family life than Americans. They express what we repress. One is often struck with their natural impulse and genuine friendliness, which is greater or less in different parts of Germany. The Thuringians, as a rule, are more southern as viewed from an American standpoint, whilst the Prussians are more northern. But to Dorndorf we must return. The services of the holy confirmation day are past, and the Confirmanten preceded by the pastor, passing through the round arches of the stone gateway between the church and Pfarrei, enter the Pfarrei Haus. The pastor now presents them with a confirmation certificate, which is for the "Knaben" a necessary passport when later they travel as journeymen tradesmen from town to town in search of work.

The last souvenir of confirmation day is the evening meal which they share with the pastor and frau pastorin. Led by the pastor, several chorals and volk-luds are sung, after which they partake of a simple evening meal. Whilst the confirmanten are drinking their tea, the frau pastorin reads to them an account of confirmanten life in another German dorf—later, the pastor tells the boys of the Christian Herbergers where they can lodge when traveling as tradesmen. These are some of the more characteristic scenes connected with the confirmation of the young in Germany, and very favorable are the impressions which one carries of Palm Sunday as celebrated in a Thuringian Dorf.

GEORGE MERLE ZACHARIAS.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LIFE OF THE CHRISTIAN.

Some India shawls are made of hundreds of pieces, some so small as to be only an eighth of an inch square, others of various sizes, none larger than a square half-yard. Each piece, even the smallest, forms a complete bit of the pattern, and the right side, being the under one on the frame on which it is woven, is not seen by the wearer until the piece is finished. The pieces are all so beautifully joined together that it is impossible to find the joining.

How often we are "discouraged because of the way," because we can only see the wrong side of the pattern our daily life is weaving. We forget that "the Lord knoweth them that are His," and that "all things work together for good to them that love God." And should we not try to remember also, that

though our place in the work may be a very small one, the great fabric, the Church of God, would be incomplete if that place were not filled?

There is another point of similarity; each thread is bleached perfectly white before being re-dyed for the shawl; so we also, before becoming a part of the Church, must be washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb, "that He might present it to Himself, a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing;" but that it should be holy and without blemish.

"I know the hand that is guiding me through the shadow to the light;
 And I know that all betiding me is meted out aright.

I know that the thorny path I tread is ruled by a golden line;
 And I know that the darker life's tangled thread, the richer the deep design."

—British Evangelist.

SELF-SUFFICING.

I know a lake among the hills,
 Serene and bright and full and free,
 Unfed by any mountain rills,
 And with no outlet to the sea;
 And yet I marvel if there be
 Found anywhere through all the land,
 So gold-and-jewel-rimmed a cup,
 As nature with her Hebe hand
 Here brims, and kneeling, offers up.
 Its molten surface gives the sky
 In softest sapphire beauty back:
 And when the storm comes scudding by,
 Dark with its stress of thunder-rack—
 Although its blue be tinged with black,
 The tempest has no power to dash
 The creamy swell against the shore,
 Nor with defiant onset, lash
 The ripple to a sullen roar.

From secret sources stored away
 Beneath its own sweet water, flows
 The unseem strength that day by day
 Keeps it in such supreme repose
 As never shallow current shows:
 Its edges flash with tender green,
 That lures from far the hungry herds,
 And in its stooping cove are seen
 The nests of thousand brooding birds.

O, for a nature like the lake's,
 A gleam amid our summer hills!
 That gives, ungrudged, its own, nor takes;
 That ever keeps its calm, and stills
 Its heart, self-centered, even when ill
 Impend with drift of tempest-foam;
 That woos the weary, and above
 All other, weaves a nestled home
 For every wandering wing of love!

—Margaret J. Preston.

THE STORY OF A ROMAN MAIDEN.

The other day, as I was idly looking over the library, my eyes were attracted by a book that seemed to carry the weight of centuries upon its back and to breathe of the vellum and cloister. Taking it from the shelf, I was soon lost in fabulous tale and mythological story, that made vain efforts to wear the sober garb of history.

One of these stories so impressed its lesson on my heart that I said, I'll call my girls and they shall hear it. So Cora, Nora, Nellie and Sue, if you will sit up close and let me look down into those eyes as I talk you shall have the story.

Long ago, yes, long, long ago, before Caesar, or Nero, away back to the beginning of things, when the seeds of old Rome were being planted, there lived a maiden whom they called Tarpeia, but who, we shall see, deserved not to be called a Roman.

The Sabines, her country's fiercest enemies, while besieging Rome, made an attack upon a strong citadel just outside the city walls, where she, as the governor's daughter, lived. The glitter and flash of the bracelets worn by the foe so filled her eyes and desires that she, forgetful of home, country, honor, all promised their leader that, if he would give her what his soldiers wore on their left arms, she would betray the garrison into his hands. Gladly he promised, but, having accomplished his purpose, the loathing for her grew in his heart. "He loved the treason, but hated the traitor," and hastily tearing bracelet and shield from his arms, he scornfully, and with a bitter indignation, threw them at the maiden, bidding his men do the same. Whereupon she fell, crushed to death by the ponderous mass. As one of the old poets says:

"Press'd by those shields whose splendor she admired,
 She sunk, and in the shining death expired."

The Tarpeian rock in Rome, from which the malefactor is flung, with its everlasting lips repeats, to this day, the story of her perfidy.

Ah! my girls, have not all need to pray the Father to be lifted up out of the evil within us—to be saved from ourselves? Lest in the soul's impudent cry for vain ambition or unholy longings, we are crushed by the weight of our fulfilled desires, the very answer of our prayers proving the death of our inner life. For sometimes,

"God answers sharp and sudden on some prayers,
 And thrusts the thing we have prayed for in our faces,

A gauntlet with a gift in't."

—Exchange.

A WIFE'S FAITH.

In one of the towns of England there is a beautiful little chapel, and a very touching story is told in connection with it. It was built by an infidel. He had a praying wife, but he would not listen to her, would not allow her pastor even to take dinner with them, would not look at the Bible, would not allow religion even to be talked of. She made up her mind, seeing she could not influence him by her voice, that every day she would pray earnestly to God at twelve o'clock for his salvation. She said nothing to him, but every day at that hour she told the Lord about her husband. At the end of twelve months there was no change in him. But she did not give up. Six months more went past. Her faith began to waver, and she said, "Will I have to give him up at last? Perhaps when I am dead He will answer my prayers." When she had got to that point, it seemed just as if God had got her where He wanted her. The man came home to dinner one day. His wife was in the dining-room waiting for him, but he didn't come in. She waited some time, and finally looked for him all through the house. At last she thought of going into the little room where she had prayed so often. There he was praying at the same bed with agony, where she had prayed for so many months, asking forgiveness for his sins. And this is a lesson to you wives who have infidel husbands. The Lord saw that woman's faith and answered her prayers.—Moody's Child Stories.

Useful Hints and Recipes.

SALLY LUNN.—One pint flour, butter half the size of an egg, one teacup milk, one egg, two tablespoons sugar, one teaspoon cream tartar, one-half teaspoon soda, one teaspoon salt. Bake twenty minutes.

CHICKEN A LA CREME.—Cut the chicken up, stew in a pan of water until done; then make a thickening of cream or rich milk and flour, seasoning with butter, pepper and salt. Have ready baked a pair of shortcakes, made as for pie-crust, but rolled thin and cut in small squares. Lay the crusts on a dish and pour over them the chicken and gravy while all are hot. This is a delicious substitute for chicken pie.

Old potatoes when not very good any other way may be thus stewed: Peel them and cut into quarters. Put over the fire in salted cold water, boil, and when almost done pour off the water, leaving a little. To this add a large tumbler of milk, a piece of butter half the size of an egg, a teaspoonful of minced parsley and a teaspoonful of flour mixed smoothly in cold milk. Simmer.

Saratoga potatoes are prepared with a little cabbage cutter, which shaves off a large fair potato slices of fairy-like thinness. Put the slices for a few minutes on ice or in cold water. Try your boiling hot lard with one slice to see if it colors properly; if all right, put in a few slices; when of a delicate yellow color, skim them out upon a tin plate with your perforated tin ladle, sprinkle over them some fine salt and put them in your dish. They are as good cold as hot.

BEEFSTEAK PIE.—Cut three pounds of rump steak that has been kept till tender into pieces half as big as a hand, trim off all the skin, sinews and all else undesirable and beat them with a chopper or mallet. Chop very fine three onions and add half an ounce of salt and pepper mixed, strew some of the mixture at the bottom of the dish, then a layer of the steak, then some more of the mixture and so on till the dish is full; add half a gill of mushroom or other rather mild catsup and the same quantity of gravy; cover it and bake two hours.

DELICIOUS BEET SALAD.—Boil some Bermuda beets and set them on ice to get thoroughly cold. If they are large they will take many hours of boiling, and must be cooked neither too long nor too quickly—in either case they will be tough and hard. Cut them up in small, not too thick slices, add some nicely sliced cold potatoes, and a shred or two of onion—just enough to flavor the salad. Now dress it with the plain French dressing of much oil, a little vinegar, salt and pepper. Arrange it in your salad dish and having chopped finely a hard-boiled egg arrange it over the salad, leaving a rim of almost an inch and a half uncovered. On this rim arrange sprigs of the small watercress. With the deep red of the beets showing through the delicate green of the cress and the white and yellow of the egg, the salad looks beautiful, and it tastes so delicious that it can never go begging. The Bermuda beets must be used, as they are the sweetest and richest. Some people add a little raw sliced apple—the fruit must be tart and soft.

Miscellaneous.

UNDER THE SEA.

BY EMMA LAZARUS.

Clear through the shining liquid glass I gazed,
Discovering a world! There long reefs swung,
Balanced by lazy ripples; sea-plants raised,
Their emerald crowns aloft; dark mosses clung,
Golden and brown, to rocks that seemed fit couch
For mermaids and languid water-bridges;
Bright, tawny bulging sea-weed in its pouch
Held living jewels twinkling through the sides;
Blue polished pebbles and pink-twisted shells
Paved the clean floor. While my rapt eyes
were bent

'Neath the vexed surface, on the crystal cells,
Through that serene, caressing element,
The tranquil sleep, the eternal rest profound,
I seemed to share of those who have been drowned.

For they are lulled by cradle-song of waves,
And soft green waters kiss their sealed eyes;
Round them smooth currents wind through twilight caves;

They sleep in moss, but buried treasure lies
Golden and pearl anigh their crystal graves.
High overhead they feel the sea-gull dip
With greetings sweet—sighs from some heart that
craves

Their drowned love, kisses from some fond lip,
Whereon the shining bitterness must dwell
For aye of the unbroken, last farewell.

But they, possessed by that divine repose,
Stir not, nor give a sign. Shall they awake
Ever from this deep dream? or ever slake
The thirst for peace life's fevered fret bestows?

—Lippincott's Magazine.

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

Although the conjecture hazarded more than 160 years since, by Halley, that the aurora borealis was a magnetic phenomenon, has acquired empirical certainty from Faraday's discovery of the evolution of light by magnetic forces, as well as from more recent observations, the following extracts, translated from a letter written by Herr Pastor emeritus H. M. F. Esmark, may, perhaps, be considered interesting, Herr Esmark having observed the meteorological conditions attending the display of the polar lights for many successive years: The aurora is never seen during extreme cold or northerly winds, but appears when an ordinary arctic temperature is raised by southerly and westerly winds, and is generally followed by snow. In the south-eastern part of Norway it seems to be especially caused by south-easterly winds, which are there very moist and rather warm. Its appearance is always accompanied by a falling barometer. In my opinion the phenomenon is due to the following causes: When a wind laden with warmth, moisture and electricity comes in contact with a body of cold air, the moisture is converted into snow, the warmth and electricity are thereby released, and the aurora is the result of the disturbances. The northern lights cannot occur in very high latitudes, because the warm, moist air is cooled long before it reaches them. In this way Herr Esmark would account for the splendid appearance of the aurora in northern Norway, where the sea winds, bringing warmth, moisture and electricity from the ocean are met by cold land winds from the interior. MM. Lottin, Bravais, and Siljerstrom, who spent a winter at Bosekop, in Alten (lat. seventy degs. N.), saw the northern lights 160 times in 210 nights. The most vivid aurora that I ever saw near Alten was towards midnight of the 12th of November, 1874. The flickering lights played about the masthead so like lightning that it was difficult to believe they were harmless. We had no snow, however, till the evening of the 14th, as we were entering Tromsø Harbor, and during the discharges of light the compass needle was wildly erratic.—G. T. Temple.

A GOOD STORY, BUT VERY OLD.

During the Crimean War, Czar Nicholas deigned to borrow vast sums of money of the wealthy Russian monasteries, and among others of the Pesherskaia Laura, a renowned cloister built over the Kiev Catacombs, which was totally destroyed by fire only a fortnight ago. The patriotic fraternity of Pesherskaia lent His Majesty 5,000,000 roubles, for which they received a bond entirely written with his own august hand. When the Emperor Alexander last visited Kiev he took occasion to inspect the famous Laura, which contained inestimable treasures in the way of documents connected with the early history of Russia. The prior, deeming the occasion opportune for obtaining payment of the loan granted some twenty years previously to His Majesty's father, extracted the bond from the jewelled casket in which it had been reverently preserved and handed it to the Czar with a profound obeisance. Alexander pressed the parchment to his lips, exclaiming, "In this you possess, indeed, a treasure worth ten times the sum it represents," and gazed fondly on the lines traced by his father's pen. The prior's heart beat high with hope that his sovereign would keep the bond, and straightway ordain

payment of the loan, perhaps of the accumulated interest upon the original principal. To his crushing discomfiture, however, the Emperor handed him the bond, ejaculating in a voice shaken by emotion, "No, no. I will not rob you of this priceless treasure. Keep it as a thing holy, of far greater value than all your relics of saints and martyrs. It is my father's own handwriting—you have purchased it too dearly."—*London Telegraph, Mar. 20.*

THE ISLAND OF CRETE.

It is an obvious reflection, says the *London Spectator*, in reviewing Miss A. F. Yule's recently published *A Little Light on Cretan Insurrection*, that we have not heard the last of Crete, and this very clever little work, though very one-sided in its view, is a contribution towards the proper comprehension of a subject generally little understood. Cretan history is illustrated by the almost unbroken series of revolts which mark its downward course through nearly eight centuries. These have all one characteristic in common,—that of being intensely national,—"national as Cretan, not merely as Greek." Assigned by the Emperor Alexius IV. to the Marquis of Montferrat in 1203, Crete was immediately transferred by its new owner to Venice, for one hundred marks. The transfer aroused the jealousy of the Genoese, who got up a bloody and obstinate insurrection, subdued by the Venetian Government only at the cost of a great outlay in money and life. Then ensued a time of peace and prosperity. The fifteenth century was the golden age of Venetian rule in Crete; commerce flourished; and Portuguese and English vied with each other in their appreciation of Candy wine. In 1645 took place the invasion of Crete by the Turks, resulting, after a long struggle, in their conquest of the island. Many of the Christian nobility embraced the faith of their new rulers. Here, as in other parts of the Turkish Empire, all Mohammedans are not Turks, as some of our would-be instructors of their country, whose pens of late years have been running so glibly, would appear to have supposed; "at the present day, we find Moslem Orsini in Crete." At a later period, when Cretan troubles arose and long continued, from the lawlessness of the Moslem portion of the community and their defiance of the Government of Constantinople, the rebellion was only at last put down, in the early part of the present century, by the Governor-General enlisting the Christian population on the side of order and government. The Christians of Canea were all armed; the Beys were enticed to that place, seized, and strangled. The leading Moslems throughout the Island, caught in detachments, were all brought to Canea, and butchered by instalments. "This horrible bloodshed lasted two months, during which time the evening gun daily told off by the number of its rounds the total of the heads that had fallen during the day. But "Hadgi Osman," the successful viceroy, "had served the Porte too thoroughly to enjoy its favor long. After three years' successful administration, the bow string was sent him. He received the message respectfully, made his ablutions, said his prayers, and quietly put his head into the noose."

Crete had a good time again under the rule of Mehemet Ali, but his rebellion in 1840 restored the island to the Porte. By this time practical equality had long been established between Christians and Mussulmans, the result being that during the Crimean war the attempts of the Russian emissaries to stir up disaffection failed. The revolution of 1866 is attributed by our authorities to the emissaries of the late Emperor Louis Napoleon; but, ill-blood having been once aroused between the two classes and creeds of the inhabitants, the flame was fanned by Greek sympathies, and the revolt into which the Christian population was at last driven was kept up by the exertions of Greek bands. Greece is, indeed, in Miss Yule's opinion, the persistent evil genius of the unhappy island. If Crete had only been left alone to the Turks it would have got on, she thinks, well enough. The Cretans, according to her view, did not want emancipation, but only redress of certain grievances, which they demanded in a respectful and constitutional way. The insurrection having broken out, she describes the situation thus:—"It is scarcely too much to say that the whole conduct of the Porte and Powers from May to December, 1866, was, on the surface, the absolute negation of common sense. With regard to France, Russia, Greece, and in a measure, Italy, the case is comprehensible. Their conduct was wilful and deliberate action, on premises known to be false, for private ends. In the case of Turkey, it was due to mere dawdling stupidity and habits of suspicion; in the case of

England, to want of accurate information, and a dangerous habit of working every political problem by certain foregone, conventional hypotheses. * * * We first, by our clumsy boring, let loose the subterranean waters of Hellenic anthe-naxation intrigue, and then exhausted ourselves in attempting to pump them out again." Such is the author's view of the situation, which, however, we are far from accepting as an adequate statement. Very careful and conscientious writers, who have examined the situation in Crete for themselves, differ from her very profoundly. Into the history of this last Cretan insurrection and its consequences, and the condition of things at the present day, we have not space to follow her. Suffice it to say that Crete has now a fair Constitution. The Governor-General is to hold office for five years; the General Assembly, consisting of eighty members, has a large majority of Christians; the judicial power is to be distinct from the executive. A large part of the revenues is to be appropriated to schools and public works. If this Constitution be really worked out, Crete will have little cause of complaint on that score; its people will have a larger measure of liberty than those of many of the countries of Europe.

ASTOR LIBRARY.

During the past ten years the number of readers at the Astor Library and the number of books read have nearly doubled, increasing from 25,707 readers and 78,935 books in 1870 to 51,725 readers and 147,112 books in 1879. During the same period the number of admissions to study in the alcoves has increased from 5,204 in 1870 to 7,317 in 1879. It may be remarked that the largest number of books read in hall was in 1877; the largest number of general readers, in 1878; and the largest number of special students, in 1879. The privilege of study in the alcoves is made as much as possible a matter of rule rather than of favor, every new applicant being required to file a letter vouching for him, either from one of the trustees of the library or from some other prominent citizen, and then to explain the nature of his researches sufficiently to show that they require free access to the books. On compliance with these conditions, a table and chair are put at his disposal, in some convenient alcove, for a time proportionate to his work. Of course, the visitors it is desirable to encourage are those who use the library for some definite purpose of culture or enlightenment, and not for the indulgence of an idle habit of intemperate and promiscuous reading.

The experiment of furnishing the public with a printed list of 150 periodicals and serials, and allowing the current numbers to be called for, has worked perfectly well. This year 200 will be made available, the selection corresponding to the character of the library. Mr. Astor's gift of \$10,000 for recent books has been expended.

Since the expenditure of our special fund renewed attention has been paid to the acquisition of valuable public documents, many of which may be had for the asking. In all, 3,356 volumes have been bought during the year, and 2,513 received by gift. The number of books in the library has increased from 140,558 in 1870 to 189,114 in 1879.

Not being a circulating library, it has no duplicates; and not being a universal depository, it has very little chaff. As a comprehensive collection of the older authorities, it may fairly claim to be the best in America. As regards more recent work it is fortunate enough to have rivals that compel it to look well to the character of its accessions if it would maintain its rank.

These statements are taken from the Superintendent's Report, but the most remarkable is the following:

"Our foreign books are bound abroad, and the experiment has been tried of sending a thousand volumes already in the library to Mr. Stevens in London, where they have been strongly and handsomely bound for a price, including commissions and transportation, materially less than the same sort of work would have cost in New York."

Selections.

We can do more good by being good than in any other way.—*Rowland Hill.*

If you do not wish to trade with the devil, keep out of his shop.—*Thomas Fuller.*

In most quarrels there is a fault on both sides. A quarrel may be compared to a spark, which cannot be produced without a flint as well as steel.

God walks with the simple; He reveals Himself to the lowly; He gives understanding to little ones; He discloses His meaning to pure minds, and hides His grace from the curious and proud.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

I sleep most sweetly when I have traveled in the cold; frost and snow are friends to the seed, though they are enemies to the flower.

Adversity is indeed contrary to glory, but it befriendeth grace.—*Richard Baxter.*

As the cross of Christ separated the penitent and believing malefactor from the impenitent and unbelieving one on Calvary, so has it continued ever since to separate the army of believers from the army of unbelievers.

It requires more faith and courage to say two words face to face with one single sinner, than from the pulpit to rebuke two or three thousand persons, ready to listen to everything on condition of forgetting all.—*Boswell.*

An old clergyman said: "When I come to die I shall have my greatest grief and my greatest joy; my greatest grief that I have done so little for the Lord Jesus, and my greatest joy that the Lord Jesus has done so much for me."

Give me not what I ask, but what is good, Merciful Saviour. Make me Thine own, And take me: of myself I am afraid, O take me of myself! O take away What'er of self is in me, and I pray Give me on what my spirit may be stayed, And that I know full well is but Thyself alone.

—Isaac Williams.

Science and Art.

A few years ago Mr. Gideon Bantz, of Frederick, Md., invented what he terms a "fold-skin leather," which he has manufactured successfully during the past five years. The chief advantages of Mr. Bantz's leather consists in its water-proof and enduring qualities, which render it especially useful for hunters, fishermen, coachmen, and others, whose occupation exposes them to the weather.—*Scientific American.*

The Winchester Observatory at Yale has just contracted with a German firm for a heliometer, an instrument known to modern astronomy as the most exact for the measurement of small celestial arcs. It will be completed in time to observe the transit of Venus in 1882. It will be the only one of its kind in America, and will cost, erected in New Haven, about \$10,000.

Mr. D. R. Knight, of this city, has in the Paris Salon, which opened recently, a large picture called *Une Halte (A Halt)*, which represents a common rustic scene. Two girls, a *lavasse* and a peasant, are resting from their labors by the wayside. The *lavasse* has her clothes-basket still strapped on her back, and is leaning against the palisade of a leafy garden. Beside her leans the peasant, with a bundle of cabbages which she has been gathering at her feet.

HOW TO DETECT OLEOMARGARINE.—There are several ways of detecting oleomargarine. One is by the microscope. The difference between it and pure butter is shown at once under this glass. Pure butter shows a mass of globules similar in size and appearance, with intermediate layers of salt and water. Oleomargarine shows a mass of what appears to be fan-shaped and fibrous crystallizations entirely different in character and appearance from butter. Professor De Smidt tests it as follows: A piece of oleomargarine the size of a walnut is placed in a wineglass and ether poured on sufficient to cover and dissolve it, which is hastened by stirring with a teaspoon. The whole becomes soluble, but the salt is immediately precipitated, when the liquid mass is poured off into a saucer, or, what is better, a small glass plate or saucer. The work of evaporation commences at once, and continues until every trace of the ether is gone, leaving the stearine or tallowy substance openly exposed with its offensive odor and appearance. The character or appearance of good butter is not changed by a similar test; the fatty substance left after the evaporation of the ether retaining the odor of pure butter totally unlike that of the stearine from oleomargarine. This test Professor De Smidt thinks better and every way more satisfactory than the microscope. As a general thing, however, any persons used to marketing can satisfy themselves from the greasy smell of the artificial butter of its character. It is not, as a general thing, so dense as pure butter, and usually has a whitish appearance on the outside.—*Washington Star.*

Personal.

Prof. J. W. Shumaker, the eminent elocutionist, died in Kansas on the 15th inst.

Hon. Sanford E. Church, Chief-Justice of the Court of Appeals of New York, died at Albion, in that State, on the 15th inst.

Dr. James M. Buckley has been elected editor of the *Christian Advocate*, the official organ of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Dr. Charles H. Fowler, the former editor, has been elected one of the missionary secretaries.

Professor Silliman, of Yale College, has been on an exploring trip to Mexico. He says that there is no reason in the world why those great plains, heretofore considered uninhabitable, should not be converted into fertile farms.

Moncure D. Conway says that Renan makes the same physical impression on the people that Webster made. He is massive; has a face full of moving lights and shades, and his voice is flexible. He does not believe that there is a future for Positivism. Mme. Renan, a niece of Ary Scheffer, has a son who is already a powerful artist. She says that in France the longing for vengeance against Germany is decreasing.

Lord Beaconsfield, says the *London News*, has evidently made up his mind to take leave of power as the heavy father on the stage brings the piece to a close by bounteously and with extended hands, blessing his children. He showers rewards and graces all around. Several peers here, a bishop there, two Knights of the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath—these and others are the creations thus far of his generous parting impulses.

Married.

On the 23d of March, 1880, by the Rev. T. O. Crouse, Thacker Van Horne to Katie Alice Roberts, both of Middlesex, Jefferson Co., W. Va.

On the 12th inst. in Trinity Reformed Church, Mercersburg, Pa., by Rev. I. G. Brown, Mr. John Grove of Welsh Run to Miss Eliza C. Smith, near Mercersburg.

Obituaries.

Elder William Boshong died in Nora, Ill., the last day of April, after two weeks' severe suffering, nearly 80 years old.

Father Boshong was an extraordinary man, and deserves to be remembered by the Reformed Church, for which he labored and worked so faithfully all the time of his life. The large number of relatives and friends in Union and Snyder County, will remember him kindly, and for these his notice of his death is mainly intended. The deceased father had an eventful life. He was a man of energy and great perseverance in anything he undertook. I will not speak of his political career, only to say he was elected Prothonotary twice in Union County, Justice of the Peace, and held other minor offices. But what he has done for the Church should be thankfully acknowledged. His whole heart was in the Reformed Church. He was nearly always an officer in the same, either elder, deacon or trustee. He was very punctual in his duties as a church member. When he lived in New Berlin, he was very regular in attending the sanctuary, the prayer-meeting, and always present at the communion table. His children were all baptized and confirmed, and he had the great joy to see them grow up as Christians. But it pleased the Lord to take the two sons up higher; they died in the bloom of their lives. The youngest, William, was just ready to go to Lancaster and study for the ministry; then the war broke out; he went, but never returned. The friends of the deceased father, in particular the widow, who is in very feeble health, and the two daughters deserve, and no doubt will have the sympathy and prayers of the Church. Requiescat in pace! A. B. CASPER.

DIED.—In Greenville, Mercer Co., Pa., Sunday, April 4th, 1880, Paul Henry, only child of Rev. F. B. and R. Ella Hahn, aged 13 months.

In the death of this lovely and promising child, a most serious affliction has come upon the sorely bereaved parents. As the only link of their wedded love, they thankfully received him as one of God's best gifts. In obedience to the Saviour's command, they consecrated him in holy baptism, invoking upon him in rich measure the Lord's blessing, and upon themselves grace and wisdom sufficient to train him in the fear and admonition of the Lord. But it was not the will of the Lord, that this, the joy of their household, should abide with them long. During his week on Good Friday night, whilst pastor and people were passing through the solemn season of the Saviour's suffering, and hopefully looking forward to the joys of the Easter morn in the celebration of the holy eucharist, the child took sick with a severe attack of pneumonia. Instead of participating in the closing services of Passion week, the young pastor and his wife were called upon to minister unto their suffering little lamb, leaving the remaining services to be conducted by Brother Pontious, who was present to assist in the holy communion. Every effort was resorted to for relief, but without any avail. It was soon evident to the physician and attendants, that the aggravated form of the disease would be the death of its victim, and so the little patient suffered, after nine days of intense pain, gently fell asleep in Jesus, to be gathered by the Shepherd of the lambs to the fold of redeemed children in heaven.

The funeral services took place on April 7th, at 2 P. M., attended by a very large concourse of members of the Greenville church, and neighbors and citizens of the town. Several ministers from other denominations were present. An appropriate address based on Job 1:21, was delivered, in connection with the service by Rev. F. Pilgram, who was also assisted in the service, by Rev. J. May of Balm, Mercer Co. The congregation had very generously purchased a lot in the beautiful cemetery just north of the town, in which was piously laid to rest all that was mortal of little Paul. He now sleeps his last sleep, whilst his fond parents with us all yet tarrying, waiting for our call, and looking for the general resurrection of the last day and the life of the world to come. Amen. P.

The past Classical year has witnessed many deaths in the New Holland congregation. The following we noted:

DIED.—On Sept. 9th, 1879, John Stauffer, father of ex-Mayor Stauffer of Lancaster, aged 80 years and 6 months.

Though a Presbyterian by faith, through a part of his family he was so related to the Reformed Church, that he had secured a burying lot in the Reformed graveyard, and his funeral services were held in the Reformed church. He was a devoted servant of the Lord. Up to the very last he was a fast friend of all children, and greatly interested in their proper training. His death was very peaceful. Not feeling very well he laid down in the forenoon, to sleep and rest, and in the same position, without any apparent movement of any part of the body, he slept his life away. Our text was "For so He giveth His beloved sleep."

DIED.—On the 25th of Feby., 1880, Miss Catharine Ellmaker, aged 96 years.

She was very well preserved in body, mind and spirit to the last. Her last illness was only of a few days' duration. Unlike many other persons of advanced years, she did not spend her time in lamenting over the past. Reading the daily papers, she was always deeply interested in living questions of the day, and was ever ready for profitable conversation. She became a member of the Reformed church when Rev. D. P. Schory was pastor at New Holland.

DIED.—On the 2d of March, 1880, Mrs. Eliza Rank, of cancer at the breast, aged 65 years, 4 mos. and 26 days.

Not wishing to burden others with her grief, she bore her sufferings alone as long as she could. When obliged to let the family know and have a physician called, she was told her disease was incurable. One long year of great suffering was still before her. She was a remarkable example of complete resignation and patient endurance. But relief came at last, and she was permitted to go to her rest. In accordance with her own directions, her name continues on the pay roll of the members, as though she were still here, and by her will she gave some of her means for the support of the Church. Always deeply interested in the welfare of the Church, she could not forget it when disposing of her goods.

DIED.—On March 26th, 1880, Miss Annie Overly, of typhoid fever, aged 19 years, 9 months and 23 days.

This young sister had been a regular communicant member of the Church for six years, was a member of the choir, a teacher in the Sunday-school, and one of the active workers of the Church. She was kind to all, winning in her ways, and conscientious in the discharge of her Christian duties. Her funeral was the saddest one this place has witnessed for a long time. The Church was crowded to its utmost capacity, and there were tears in the eyes of many not accustomed to weep. At a meeting of the Teachers' Association, held April 1st, the following action was taken:

WHEREAS, In the dispensation of an all-wise Providence, the earthly life of our co-worker and sister in the Lord, Annie Overly, is ended, and her presence in bodily form is no more with us on earth. We, the officers and teachers of the Reformed Sunday-school of New Holland, Pa., in special meeting assembled give expression to our feelings in the following action.

Resolved, That while we greatly deplore the early death of our sister in the Lord, we humbly bow to the unerring wisdom of Him, who "doeth all things well."

Resolved, That we bear grateful testimony to the cause of Christ, by her earnest interest in the Sunday-school and church, of which she was a faithful member.

Resolved, That while we mourn her loss to society, but especially among the active workers in the church and Sunday-school, we rejoice that in the blessed communion of saints, "we are still united with her."

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the deeply afflicted family, and humbly pray that the Lord may sanctify this affliction to their temporal and eternal welfare.

Resolved, That these resolutions should be published in THE MESSENGER.

The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Rev. S. R. FISHER, D. D.,
Rev. C. U. HEILMAN,
Rev. A. R. KREMER, } Synodical Editors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the business of the office on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

For Terms, see First page.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 26, 1880.

FOREIGN MISSIONS: A PLAIN DUTY.

Any one whose eyes are open to discern the signs of the times, must recognize the fact that God is wonderfully opening the way for the spread of the gospel of His Son among the heathen. This fast age of scientific discovery in which time and space are almost annihilated, shows in one aspect, the use He would make of the affairs of the world to bring all men unto Himself. And He has put it into the hearts of His followers, to take advantage of the great opportunities offered. The past century has been marked by splendid missionary efforts such as were not excelled by Paul's first tours among the Gentiles, or the aggressive movements that distinguished the Church, immediately after the conversion of Constantine, when the Bride of Christ was allowed to arise from the rack of torture, and go forth upon her beautiful work of grace and mercy.

We do not pretend to say that the Church has lived up to her high privileges, for the vast majority of her members have hung back through contracted ideas of duty, or a short-sighted sense of policy; but with all that, and in spite of all that, those of God's people who have had a true missionary spirit have done wonders, and their work has now attained a cumulative force, which bids fair to carry it forward as an immense and overpowering factor in the world's history. During the past one hundred years, immense sums have been spent, and as a return, the islands which had lain as neglected out-fields of the nations, have yielded rich harvests to the Lord. Modern missions can claim 1,500,000 converts from heathenism, many of whom are efficient co-laborers in the cause of Christ. The Bible has been translated into 266 different languages, and the copies circulated amount to 148,000,000. More than seventy barbarous languages have been endowed with a grammar and literature. With such a foothold and vantage ground once gained, things will go forward in a kind of geometrical progression.

In the midst of these facts and figures, the questions arise, What have we been doing in the matter? and, What do we intend to do?

We are led to remark upon this subject just now by recent events that have occurred in Japan, where we have started a mission, or rather engaged to start one. During the Centennial Exhibition, of 1876, our people were in some measure confronted with the Asiatic civilizations, and the question arose, whether these Eastern people, after coming in contact with the progress of Christian nations, would be content to go back to their dead past. The problem is meeting a happy solution, as is indicated in more than one way. For instance, not long ago, a large purchase was made by the Japanese government in this city. The importance of this is not to be estimated by the profit to the dealers here, but by the fact that the implements and wares bought and introduced to a foreign land under imperial patronage are likely to revolutionize the agricultural habits, and in some degree the mechanical industries of that country. The comity of nations has broken up the old order of things, and Christianity, if true to herself, is bound to go in with the sails of the merchantmen. These isolated people, looking abroad from their fastness, and seeing some things that are good in the outside world, are inquiring about others, and the gospel of Jesus only needs to be heard in order to make itself felt, for the Omnipotent Spirit

goes with it. We have seen it stated that a single Christian work, issued by our Reformed Dutch brethren, has been extensively read and is exerting an immense influence. Now, it seems to us, is the time to be up and doing our work.

The importance of this is increased by the fact that while men have slept the enemy has been sowing tares. It has come to light recently, that a rationalistic "Life of Christ," after the order of Strauss, or Renan, has been translated into Japanese, and industriously circulated with the view of forestalling and embarrassing the work of the Christian missionaries. It is hard to imagine what could induce men to go to such trouble and expense, and it must be set down to what the secular papers call pure "cussedness;" but the sacramental host should not be outdone, by the ranks of the infidels, and if we are false to our duty in this regard, we can hardly expect the blessing of God upon us in any way. If a blight comes upon our Church and congregations, upon our homes and hearts, it may be because of our remissness in this very matter.

THE MILTON SUFFERERS.

The news of the disastrous fire at Milton, Pa., has created great sympathy for the suffering people of that place, and funds for their relief are pouring in from every quarter. Ten thousand dollars were subscribed in this city before the real canvas began, three thousand were sent from Lancaster, and other places will be equally generous. Our American people are very prompt in this regard.

The only danger is that many persons and communities may do nothing in the matter, because they may think enough will be done by others. Such people have hardly any conception of the amount it takes to relieve a thoroughly burned out town. Let any frugal man calculate how much it takes to support his family a single month, and multiply the sum by the number of families reduced to want, and he will get an idea of what it takes to run a community for even so short a time.

In addition to this it must be remembered that these burned-out people have neither homes nor household furniture. Even kitchen implements and all clothing must be newly acquired, and if all this is taken into consideration, the one or two hundred thousand dollars that may be donated, will soon be absorbed by present necessities, and leave very little to give any one a financial start in life. The pitiable feature is that the churches are gone, and with all business destroyed, it will be hard to replace them. We give place to an article from Rev. S. B. Schafer, pastor of our Church at Milton, and earnestly commend him and his people to the liberality of the Church.

THE LATE REV. JACOB SECHLER.

As announced in our issue of the 19th of May, the Rev. Jacob Sechler died at his residence in Hanover, York Co., Pa., on the 10th inst., at the age of 74 years, 1 month, and 22 days. He was born in Turbot township, Northumberland Co., Pa. His early youth was spent on a farm, and he subsequently served an apprenticeship at the carpenter trade. He was piously reared in the bosom of the Reformed Church, and early felt himself called to the work of the ministry. After devoting some time to preparatory studies, he entered the Theological Seminary at York, Pa., then presided over by the Rev. Drs. Lewis Mayer and F. A. Rauch, in the fall of 1834. He was in the same class with the writer of this notice, which afforded us an opportunity to become acquainted with his humble spirit and earnest piety. An attachment was then formed for him, which continued throughout life.

After spending some time at York, he repaired to the Theological Seminary at Gettysburg, Pa., and there completed his studies preparatory to the work of the Christian ministry. He was licensed by the Zion's Classis in the Spring of 1837, and ordained to the work of the ministry as pastor of the Hanover charge, then consisting of five congregations, Han-

over, Christ Church, Leshey's, Abbottstown, and New Oxford congregations. In the charge thus constituted, he labored twenty-two consecutive years, when two charges were organized out of it, in connection with some other congregations. He then took charge of the southern portion of the charge as divided, and removed to Littlestown, Adams Co., Pa. In this relation he continued seven and a half years, when he resigned the charge to accept the pastorate of the Manheim charge, which was one of the country congregations constituted at that time belonging to the Hanover charge. He, accordingly, returned over charge. He, accordingly, returned to Hanover, and continued pastor of the Manheim charge up to the time of his death.

Rev. Mr. Sechler was a most earnest and active minister of the Gospel. He preached in both the German and English languages, and was eminently successful in his labors. He was humble and unpretentious in his demeanor, and ever sincerely devoted to the work of his Divine Master. His sermons were plain, direct and full of divine unction.

In 1838, he was married to Miss Anna Harmony, of Guilford township, Franklin Co., Pa. His widow and six children survive him. One of his sons is laboring in the Christian ministry, the Rev. John A. Sechler, pastor of Boehm's Church, Montgomery Co., Pa.

His funeral took place on Thursday morning, the 13th of May. The services were carried forward under the direction of the Rev. Dr. W. K. Zieber. After a brief service at the house, the body was borne to Emanuel's Reformed Church. The opening services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Zieber, after which prayer was offered by the Rev. John Ault. A sermon in the English language was preached by the Rev. W. F. Colliflower, and another in the German language by the Rev. Daniel Gring. Prayer was then offered in the German language by the Rev. Aaron Spangler. The Rev. Dr. Hauer, of the Lutheran Church, paid a feeling tribute to him as his friend and co-laborer in the work of the ministry. Revs. A. Spangler, R. R. Smith, John Ault, Mr. Colliflower, and other ministers from Hanover, Littlestown and other places, were also present. All the services were very impressive and largely attended. F.

COMMENCEMENT AT LANCASTER.

Now that the Seminary has closed its sessions, and the anniversaries are over, attention is directed to the College Commencement, which will soon be here. Committees were appointed by the Alumni Association and by the Board of Trustees to bring the subject properly to public notice, but as yet we have not heard from them. A correspondent some time ago referred to the order of exercises, and an article in last week's MESSENGER presented some forcible remarks upon what is needed in order to surround the Commencement with proper interest. We take occasion to repeat some of the announcements. The address before the literary societies will be delivered in the Court House on Tuesday evening, June 15th, by Gen. Koontz, of Somerset. The Alumni oration will be delivered in the College Chapel, on Wednesday evening, by Dr. D. E. Klopp, of Philadelphia. Wednesday is called Alumni day. It will be occupied by reunions of the literary societies in their respective halls, the annual meeting of the Alumni Association, the Alumni dinner in Harbaugh Hall, and class-day exercises. No lovelier place can be found anywhere to spend a day in renewing old college associations than the College Campus, which is becoming more beautiful every year. Visitors should come prepared to remain over Thursday, Commencement day. The graduating class numbers twenty-three. Some may be interested to know the names of the graduates, more particularly their friends and acquaintances, and we therefore give them: S. A. Alt, Wm. Nevin Apple, John S. Atlee, B. F. Bausman, F. W. Biesecker, Edw. P. Brinton, Charles E. Davis, Frank S. Elliot, H. Clay Eschbach, John H. Geissinger, George W. Gerhart, A. Beaumont Gloninger, A. P. Horn,

Charles W. Levan, William A. Miller, James Mitchell, Jr., Ursinus O. Mohr, C. Edward Netcher, A. B. Rieser, A. F. Rohrer, David B. Schneider, A. S. Weber, and J. A. Wickert. Four of the number are sons of Alumni of the College.

The usual railroad arrangements will be made for the benefit of visitors, the particulars of which will be announced in due time in the MESSENGER. It may not be too late to direct attention once more to the matter of class reunions on the occasion of Commencement. This feature has indeed been inaugurated, but it has not as yet been carried out to any considerable extent. A returning Alumnus, especially of some years' standing, naturally feels most interested on such occasions in meeting his old classmates. So rapidly do the College classes succeed each other that in comparatively few years he sees nearly all new faces in returning to the old scenes of his college days. But with classmates around him he soon feels again at home, and for a little while lives over again the times gone by. A little effort would succeed in bringing together a certain number of classes each year. It may not be too late for some yet to move in this matter for the approaching Commencement.

A prosperous future seems to be opening for Franklin and Marshall. It has thus far pursued a steady career, not turning aside from its regular course to gain manufactured or fictitious applause. Now that it has struck deep its roots, it can expect to reap the ripening fruits of years of toil, and now is the time for its sons to close in and give it their sympathy and encouragement. During the past year, a liberal addition has been made to the endowment. Though it may require several years before this addition becomes fully productive, yet it already contains the guarantee of an enlargement in the operations of the College in future.

Let there be a large attendance, then, of the sons and friends of the College at the approaching Commencement. It will encourage the hearts and strengthen the hands of those who toil as students and professors in the College, and it will exert a good influence in directing the attention of young men, looking forward to a course of liberal education, to this literary centre. In this year of returning peace, especially, every Church interest should receive a new impulse and become quickened with a new spirit. We shall be glad to hear from any one who has anything to propose that will serve to render the commencement attractive to the friends of the institutions at Lancaster.

THE MESSENGER IN READING, PA.

The success of Mr. H. K. Binkley, at Reading, Pa., as agent for the MESSENGER, is about what we expected, and shows what can be done in almost any place, if a true worker is in the field, backed up by pastors. Mr. Binkley secured one hundred and fifty new subscribers to the large edition of the MESSENGER, and thirty to the *Hausfreund*. This more than doubles the list of the MESSENGER, and the good effect will be seen not only upon the financial condition of the paper, but upon the people who have subscribed for it.

PAN-METHODIST CONFERENCE.

Bishop Simpson has asked co-operation in calling the Ecumenical Methodist Council, which has been talked of for the few years past, and the meeting will soon be called. Representatives will be present from all the branches of Methodism throughout the world, and many topics of importance will be discussed. Among the subjects proposed, is, uniformity in the public worship of the denomination. It is not likely that the old Wesleyan Liturgy will be adopted in the near future, although things are tending in that direction, but it is almost certain that the antiphonal reading of the Scriptures and the repetition of the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed by the people, as is now done in many prominent congregations will be universally adopted. The form of ordination now

in use is the same prescribed in our Order of Worship.

Another important step will be the institution of the office of deacon, to be elected in the same manner as local preachers. A resolution changing the discipline to admit of this has been proposed to the General Conference at Cincinnati.

THE REMEDY.

We will now conclude our remarks on "Memorizing the Catechism."

It is a lamentable fact, that many of our catechumens do not commit a word of it to memory. Why is this? In the case of some, no doubt, there is a very good reason for it: they do not have the power or gift of memorizing. The reasoning faculties of such may be good, however, and the instructions of the pastor may produce a good effect upon them. We know this to be so. But the main difficulty is with parents. Many say little or nothing to their children about the Catechism until they are old enough to "go to catechise," and then they appear before the pastor miserably ignorant of what they ought to know more than of anything else. The pastor does the best he can, perhaps; tries to bring the truth home to their hearts and to impress it upon their minds; but how often he finds it to be an almost fruitless task! He requests them to commit to memory the questions and answers, and there the matter ends; for the parents, no less remiss than formerly, do not make the slightest effort to second the earnest endeavor of the pastor.

We believe this to be the principal trouble. If the catechist were a common school-master, he might enforce wholesome authority, and use arguments to effect the desired end that are in some cases more potent than fatherly admonitions; but in the Church of to-day the catechist is the bishop himself, the pastor, who is expected in kindness and with all due solemnity to prepare his catechumens for full membership in the Church. He is expected to lead, and that very gently, and by no means to drive, or even to use anything like pedagogic authority.

Very well—be it so. Then let parents be true to their vows and help the minister in his important work as catechist by simply doing their most plain duty—teaching their children daily in the rudiments of divine truth; in the Catechism so soon as they are able to study it; and then send them to the minister for more thorough instruction, preparatory to confirmation, and seeing to it that they memorize thoroughly the lessons assigned them from time to time.

A good plan for home instruction we have found to be as follows: Have your children that are of sufficient age to commit to memory one question and answer every day, or every other day, and then have them to write it down on a slate or on paper, from memory. The result will be almost astonishing. In this way the precious truth contained in our noble confession of faith will become indelibly impressed upon the mind. We have seen the trial of it, and we know the result will be most satisfactory.

We thought we were done; but, really, we find ourselves right in the midst of the argument, on a subject that must be very near to the hearts of all good and earnest members of Christ's Church. But, for the present, we will let our readers fill out what is lacking, hoping that they will not dismiss the subject from their minds, as if it were of little importance. K.

LITERARY ENTERTAINMENT.

The Goethean Literary Society, of Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa., held its forty-fifth anniversary on Friday evening, the 14th of May. It was an occasion of much interest, and was very largely attended. The exercises were opened with prayer by the Rev. E. C. Houpt, pastor of Grace Lutheran Church. The salutatory address was delivered by Frank S. Murphy, Womelsdorf, Pa., who, after indulging in a few appropriate words of welcome, enlarged upon his specific subject, "Ireland." He was followed by David B. Schneider, Bowmansville, Pa.,

with an oration on "National Reverence." Orations were also delivered by A. S. Weber, Bethel, Pa., on "Rational Self-control"; Frank S. Elliott, York, Pa., "Eulogy on Mrs. Hemans"; and A. B. Rieser, West Leepore, Pa., on "Ethics in Politics." A Poem was then read by J. Harrison Geissinger, Huntingdon, Pa., entitled "Don Hinojosa," which was followed by the Goethean Oration, on "American Antiquities," by H. Clay Eschbach, Limestoneville, Pa. Excellent music was furnished at intervals between the addresses by Keffer's Orchestra. At the close, the audience was dismissed with the Apostolic Benediction, by the President of the College, the Rev. Dr. Thomas G. Apple.

The addresses were all well written and delivered with considerable ease and grace. At every succeeding anniversary on which it has been our privilege to attend, we think we can observe a decided advance in the right direction, and are forcibly reminded of the part it was our privilege to take in the organization of this, as well as of its prosperous rival, and cannot but feel gratified at the result. All the time, then abstracted from our theological studies and applied in this direction, finds a most ample return in the rich and ripe fruit, which continues to flow from the arduous and often perplexing labors then performed.

F.

Notes and Quotes.

During the past few weeks we have been obliged to place some obituary notices upon our third page. Those who have inquired after them will find them there.

The Necrological Report of the Theological Seminary at Princeton, for the year ending April 27th, 1880, has been issued, and records the decease of thirty-nine ministers who have been students in the institution. Large as the classes are, we do not think the number given from this noted school this year equals the number of removals by death.

The Mount Moriah charge, Washington Co., Maryland, Rev. A. C. Geary, pastor, seems to be the banner charge of our Church as far as the MESSENGER is concerned. Our paper is taken in nearly every family. Until lately, this charge with 175 members, subscribed for about as many copies as Reading with a membership of 2500. The stronghold of "old Berks" is however awakening to its duty.

Communications.

STRANGE SCENES IN THE HOUSE OF GOD.

My church needed money a short time ago, and decided to hold the annual strawberry festival to raise it. Accordingly, committees were appointed a long time before the festival was to be held, tickets were printed and distributed, and on every Lord's Day the people were urged to sell as many tickets as possible; for, said the pastor from the sacred desk, "we want to make as much money as we can from this entertainment."

I entered the church on the first evening of the festival, and found the seats all taken out excepting a few along the sides. In the middle of the church tables were arranged with cakes, fruits and flowers, etc., for sale. Little children were running around playing tag; some of the young ladies and gentlemen were carrying on a flirtation, doubtless very interesting to themselves; and up in the pulpit some little boys, perhaps ten years old, sat with their feet elevated on the backs of empty chairs in front of them. Moving steadily among some females in the rear of the room, was a man either drunk or pretending to be so.

Laughter and mirth resounded on every side, every thing seemed to be full of fun and merriment; and wondering if strawberry festivals honored God or helped the Church, I left the scene at about ten o'clock.

The next evening was the evening for our regular weekly prayer meeting, but, as the festival continued to that night, we had no meeting. Late in the evening I approached the church, and as I drew near to it, the loud murmur of voices could be heard in the street. Entering, I saw the scenes of the previous night enacted over again, with much more that was worse. I walked about the noisy room trying by all possible arguments to justify the entertainment to my mind, but in vain. As I thus walked about I met one of our elders.

"I will be glad when this is over, Mr. A.," I remarked to him.

"Yes, and I will too. Do you think it will end without some one being hurt?"

"Physically, no; morally, yes."

"The latter, of course, I meant."

"Yes, Mr. A., and there will be a good many who will have their feelings hurt."

As we conversed, I noticed a crowd gathering around a table; the pastor stood by a young man who was elevated upon a chair, and had begun to auction off some cakes.

"I do not know whether I am an old fogy or not, but I think that is a sad sight. It always reminds me of the money-changers in the temple," I remarked to Mr. A.

"At least it does not look like the house of God. I have taken part in church suppers and similar affairs in other churches, and the more I have had to do with them, the more I have become disgusted. I never knew of one yet in which some one was not hurt."

"I fear such will be the case here. Indeed I have seen it already. Then, viewed from another stand-point, is it not strange that the Church of Christ should be compelled to resort to such methods?"

"It ought not to be so, nor need it be so. The money needed by churches could be raised in other ways. In the church of which I was a member before coming here, we needed one time, some three hundred and fifty dollars. The year previous the sum had been raised by a supper, and it was proposed to have another, but we who had managed the supper the year before determined not to have another, and we raised the money one Sunday, without any trouble, by voluntary contributions, and no one, I can assure you, was hurt that time," said Mr. A.

My attention later in the evening was attracted to a group of boys, none of them more than twelve years old, sitting together on chairs after the manner of a minstrel troupe. One of them, apparently the leader, every now and then gave vent to a loud, coarse guffaw, in which he was joined by some of his associates, some of whom, with a desire to emulate him, had their hats slouched on their heads. Presently one of them threw a banana skin at their leader's head, who forthwith rushed to a table and seized a handful of these skins, with which to retaliate; but being thwarted in this design, threw them at the head of a young man standing up in the pulpit eating ice-cream from a piece of paper. Being twice hit, this young man immediately ran from the pulpit after the young offender, and then ensued a chase through the church.

I walked toward the door, mentally transposing the words of Jacob, the Patriarch: "Surely is this the house of God, surely is this the very gate of heaven?" And as I passed on, the son of one of our elders walked by me whistling, his hat on, and his hands in his pockets; near the door a young man flourishing an umbrella, was chasing another youth, and having got him in a corner, was pretending to run him through with this umbrella for a sword.

I hurried out the door. Could this be God's holy temple, and could He be in it? Would all the earth learn to keep silence before Him from such scenes as these?

I walked home wondering if those little children romping over the pulpit and playing in the church, would learn to reverence the house of God. Would they reverence the pulpit, sanctified by the prayers and appeals of earnest hearts, and around which cluster so many holy associations?

No sane man disparages mirth or humor, much less the happy light-heartedness of childhood; all these are the gifts of God, and cannot be too highly prized. But what is proper in the minstrel show is out of place in the home. God has given us no quality of mind but what may be used as instruments in His service, and sanctified humor—to some a paradox—is proper in the house of God; but some things I have described would be proper nowhere! such scenes would not be tolerated in our homes, but is not the church deserving at least of the same respect?

I have not written these lines in the spirit of captious criticism. The conduct I have described was not the conduct of the majority, and I noticed more than one troubled face amid the throng. How many of those who participated in this festival asked themselves, "Is it right?" I do not say it is wrong in my fellow-members to have these festivals; I am not the judge, but Christ; but it seems to me to be wrong. My heart has been pained to see the house of God thus desecrated. Only ten days before these sad scenes we had partaken of the emblems of our Master's broken body and shed blood, but would the world see the "marks of the Lord Jesus" in the disciples who allowed such things in His house? He scourged the money-changers from the temple,—what if He had appeared among these scenes, would our hearts have cried, "Even so, come quickly, Lord Jesus!" Or would we have stood abashed beneath that quiet look of reproach? If strawberry festivals and the like must be, if the Church must turn tradesman, at least, could it not be done decently and without extortion? But can it be that the grace of Christ is so weak, so impotent in our hearts, that we trust for our needs in these methods, which universal experience affirms to be doubtful, if not positively demoralizing, rather than trust in Christ, in whom God has freely given us all things? Where do we place our faith, in the God who feeds the sparrows, who robes the lily and clothes the field, who has numbered the very hairs of our head, who "knoweth that we have need of all these things," who has promised to give whatsoever we ask in Christ's name? Or is our faith clinging to petty fairs, and festivals, and suppers?

"When the Son of Man cometh will He find faith in the earth?" JUNIOR.

May 13, 1880.

THE MILTON FIRE.

My sense of humanity and fellow-feeling teaches me that many of the readers of the MESSENGER are anxious to hear from me personally concerning the terrible calamity which befell our town and church on Friday, May 14th, 1880. The fire broke out in the car shops, about ten minutes before twelve o'clock, noon; and in less than fifteen minutes after the alarm, a hundred or more houses, including the one we occupied, together with the Methodist, Reformed, and Covenant churches were on fire, and the flames like a fiery serpent continued to leap from roof to roof and square to square until Lower Market and Cherry streets were reached, about a mile distant from Upper Market, where I resided, and where the fire started, having laid in ashes the whole business portion of the town, destroyed about 700 houses, and rendered homeless 3000 or more persons. This great wreck includes the car shops, two foundries, three extensive machine shops, two carriage factories, key factory, tannery, all the stores, with the exception of two little grocery and drug stores, all the hotels but one, both banks, post-office, P. and E. Depot, both printing offices, the public school buildings, and the Methodist, Reformed, Covenant, Presbyterian, Lutheran, Baptist, and Evangelical churches. Only the small Episcopal chapel and African church remain. The Reformed was a very handsome church. It had a seating capacity of about 600, and cost, including furniture,

and Sunday-school library, about \$22,000, and Insurance \$5000. Looking over my Pocket Directory I find that forty of our families are among the sufferers. We were entirely out of debt, and had over \$200 subscribed to work commenced to repaint the outside wood-work of the church. We were in a prosperous condition a few days ago, now we are most of us without homes, no furniture, no clothes, no clothing and bedding, but furniture, piano, library, and everything is gone. The scene of the ruins beggars description. The panic-stricken cimeter during the fire, the fire, fleeing people almost surrounded by the walls and in every direction, terrified by the fire, and buildings falling, children screaming, and women and men, everybody, crying, was a scene heartrending. What we may be able to do, we are unable to determine now, but will report in next week's issue.

S. B. SCHAFER.

WHAT DO WE NEED NOW?

Mr. Editor: You suggest in concluding your remarks on the "Report of the Peace Commission," of the fitness for the Church to mark the New Year by a contribution of \$10,000 extra to Missions. This would certainly be a mark of appreciation, however lowly, this mark may appear for this one benevolence, including all other benevolences, it would certainly be a manifestation of the Christian's life in the Church. The resolutions of our ecclesiastical bodies in regard to benevolences have been mostly unheeded. The pleas for help in distress remain often unanswered. Many pastors and congregations seem to be paralyzed. Now, let us "come to a clear apprehension of the fact, that the Christian life is something broader and deeper than its manifestations in conscious experiences." Life consists not in breathing only, nor in consciousness of feeling; BUT IN ACTION. We fear too much breath and feeling, has been spent needlessly in the past; we need some thing more substantial. Faith, hope and love, also prayer and conscious (?) experiences are empty, vague and false, without the evidence of the true Christian life—viz., action. Has there not been enough persuasion and the conviction of omissions—how was the response? The indications may not be hopeful. Oh, for a clear appreciation of this fact. The saying of "Lord, Lord," may give to the pastor or member a NAME TO LIVE; but the manifestation of dying is evident. If we appreciate doctrines or experiences to serve us only as a flower-bed of ease, to slumber or sleep the more comfortably they will serve as fearful delusions. Remember, breathing in itself is not life, but action is life. The Christian life is the, if you will permit the expression, *Christ action*, wrought in us by the Holy Spirit. Let the Holy Spirit thus work in you, dear reader, to actuate you in every good word and work. Act like men in Christ, if so be, that you have not received His Spirit in vain. Let all ask God for an active Christian life in our Reformed Zion; then will our work in the Lord prosper, and the Church will arise and shine, the glory of the Lord being risen upon her.

F. S.

DELAWARE AND EASTERN SHORE.

Some ten or twelve years ago the Reformed Church was unknown on this peninsula. Now our people are being settled all over it. We have a congregation at Wyoming, Del., with a good house of worship, ~~at Edgemoor~~, Caroline county, Md., with a house of worship in course of erection, and a congregation has been organized with fifteen members in Queen Ann county, Md., who contemplate to build a house of worship before next winter. Our people here are principally from Eastern Pennsylvania.

Would the Church possess and occupy this beautiful country, and make it what East Pennsylvania is to the Church in the way of congregations and membership a hundred years hence, she must awaken to the opportunities she now has of laying her foundations. If the Church is to exist here, and our people saved to the Church, they must have the prayers, the sympathies, and the material aid of those whose fine churches they have helped to build, and have left in East Pennsylvania and elsewhere. It is an utter impossibility for them to build their own house of worship. Our people here are poor. They have come here with but little means, bought a piece of land, paid what they could, and gave a mortgage for the balance. As they cannot live by bread alone, they must have houses of worship, and the kingdom of grace where they may obtain the Bread, which, if a man eat, he shall never die. This their fathers, friends and neighbors owe to them, who have come here to make sacrifices and self-denials. They owe it to them, to make them grateful for favors received. They owe it to themselves too, that they may be the recipients of the blessings of the grace of giving. They receive the great blessings, for it is more blessed to give than to receive."

We have been denied the use of the school-room in which to hold services, and have had to hold them in private houses, give up the interest. Brethren, when you enter your fine churches to worship, think of your sons and daughters, friends and neighbors, denied the privilege of worshipping in a school room, and let your generosity and liberality come to the rescue, and like the woman that pointed the Saviour, let it be said of you, you "have done what you could." We are not asking too much, nor for that which is unjust, when we appeal to you to help bear the burdens of your poor brethren, and do unto them what you would desire them to do to you in your circumstances reversed, and what your forefathers in the fatherland did for your fathers upwards of a hundred years ago. "Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble." "The liberal soul shall be made fat." "Give, and it shall be given unto you, good measure, pressed down, shaken together," &c.

J. H.

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

Rev. I. K. Loos was fifty years old on the 15th of May, and his people at Bethlehem, Pa., quietly assembled and gave him a fine gold watch, suitably inscribed. Rev. D. F. Brendle made the presentation speech. The watch and some testimonials to the pastor's wife were suitably acknowledged, and the evening was spent in Christian congratulations and joys.

Rev. C. W. E. Seigel has accepted a call to Aaronburg charge. His post-office address has, therefore, been changed from Sciota, Monroe county, to Aaronburg, Chester county, Pa.

The amount collected in the Landisburg charge by Rev. W. H. Herbert, while pastor there, was \$1,343, instead of \$343, as erroneously stated in our last issue.

Rev. John M. Clemens, pastor of the Conyngnam charge, Lycoming county, Pa., furnishes several interesting items in relation to his charge, which he has now served for a period of nine years. During all this period, the most pleasant relations have existed between the pastor and people. Many acts of kindness have been shown the former by the latter. Among the latest of these of a special nature, may be noted a surprise visit made the pastor during the past winter, by the members of the Dorrance congregation, which contributed to the comfort of himself and family, and elicited feelings of the warmest gratitude from the favored recipients.

At the late spring communions, the attendance was very large. Fifty-seven persons were added to the Conyngnam and Butler congregations by confirmation, eight of whom are heads of families, including a prominent physician residing at Hughesville. During the past year, the pastor officiated at forty-four funerals, baptized one hundred and twelve infants and four adults, and preached two or three times on every Sunday.

Five Sunday Schools are connected with the congregations constituting the charge. They are presided over by competent and efficient superintendents, some of whom have been engaged in the active service of the Church for a number of years. The pastor has succeeded in adding recently forty new subscribers to the subscription list of the MESSENGER, and purposes continuing his efforts in this direction. He has also been instrumental in circulating among his people recently a number of copies of the *Family Assistant*. The charge is growing in efficiency and activity, as well as increasing in numbers.

In connection with a large and interesting communion, lately held in the mission church at Easton, Pa., of which the Rev. D. Y. Heiler is pastor, five persons were added to the church, three by confirmation and two by certificate.

The corner-stone of a new church, for the congregation at Madisonburg, Centre county, Pa., known as Christ Reformed church, of which the Rev. W. M. Landis is pastor, a correspondent informs us, was laid on Sunday, the 23d of May, in the midst of appropriate services. A large concourse of people was present on the occasion. The sermon was preached by the Rev. S. M. Roeder in the German language. In addition to the pastor, the Rev. D. M. Wolff, of the Reformed Church, and the Rev. Samuel Yearick, of the Evangelical Church, were also present, all of whom took part in the services.

The congregation belongs to the Rebersburg charge, of which the Rev. W. M. Landis has been the efficient and successful pastor during the past eight years. It is located in Brush Valley, a region largely occupied by Pennsylvania Germans. The congregation has existed from the earliest settlement of the valley. Up to the present time they occupied jointly with the Lutheran congregation, a house of worship erected in 1853. They very wisely recently sold out their interest in the building to the Lutheran congregation, and concluded to erect a church for their own exclusive use. It was the laying of the corner-stone of this new building, which we have the pleasure of here noting. It is hoped, that other congregations, which are subjects of the drawbacks incident to the joint occupation of a house of worship with a congregation belonging to another denomination, will be induced to follow their praiseworthy example.

In connection with the Spring communions in the Brownbacks charge, Chester county, Pa., Rev. Geo. S. Sorber, pastor, fifteen persons were added to the church, fourteen by confirmation, and one by certificate.

In connection with the Spring communions in the Ringtown charge, Schuylkill county, Pa., Rev. E. D. Miller, pastor, thirty-one persons were added to the church, by confirmation, of whom six are heads of families. The charge consists of three congregations, and is in a prosperous condition.

As is known to our readers, the congregation at Indian Creek, in Franconia township, Montgomery county, Pa., near Telford, Rev. Jacob Kehm, pastor, has been for some time engaged in erecting a new house of worship. The congregation is one of the oldest in our connection, and the present is the third, if not the fourth, edifice erected by it. The church was completed some time ago, but was not dedicated to the worship of God until Whitsunday. The dedicatory services were performed on Sunday morning by the pastor, assisted by the Rev. A. L. Dechant and N. S. Strassburger, after which a sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. E. V. Gerhart, of Lancaster, Pa. Rev. A. L. Dechant preached in the afternoon, and Rev. N. S. Strassburger, in the evening in the English language, and another sermon on Monday morning in the German language. On Monday afternoon a sermon was preached by the Rev. O. F. Waage, of the Lutheran church near Pennsburg. The attendance on the services was very large, and the interest throughout well sustained.

The new church is built of brick, and is said to be a handsome edifice, affording extensive accommodations. It is adorned with a lofty spire, in which it is purposed to place a bell. The interior is neatly furnished, and has galleries on the two sides, with another in the end to accommodate the organ and choir. We especially congratulate the pastor and congregation on their success, as it was in the old church our mother was confirmed, and it was here also our maternal grandparents, as well as great grandparents, had their spiritual home.

On the 11th of April, the Rev. J. Hannabery organized a new congregation in Queen Anne county, Eastern Shore, Maryland, consisting of fifteen members. Their first communion was held in a private house, on the 9th of May, when twenty-three persons communed, several persons being present from Ridley, Md., and Wyoming Del. The people are anxious to erect a chapel, and will make application to be received under care of Classis.

The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered at Ridley on Whitsunday. Six persons were added to the church, three by confirmation, two of whom received adult baptism, and three by renewal of profession. The occasion was one of much interest.

THE POTOMAC SYNOD.

The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered in St. Paul's church, Baltimore,

Md., Rev. M. L. Firor, pastor, on Whitsunday. Services were held on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings of the previous week. Those on Friday evening were preparatory to the communion, in connection with which seven persons were added to the church, three by confirmation and four by certificate. The communion service was largely attended. The membership of this congregation has been doubled since its organization eighteen months ago. This condition of things is encouraging to both pastor and people.

In connection with the Spring communions in the Newport charge, Perry county, Pa., Rev. J. Kretzing, pastor, including Easter and Whitsunday, twenty persons were added to the church, twelve by confirmation and eight by certificate.

A beautiful and appropriate service was held in the Reformed church Middletown, Md., on Ascension Day. Symbols illustrative of Bible truths were used, and addresses were made by the pastor, Rev. S. S. Miller, of Boonsboro, and J. H. Marsh, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. We judge from the descriptions given in the *Register*, that the designs were very finely chosen and well executed, and that the lessons taught will leave a lasting impression. From the report of the year, read by the pastor, it appears that the school has prospered. It has increased in the number of its teachers and scholars. The room in which it meets has been enlarged and improved. The school has entered upon a rich future.

Hanover, Pa., congregation, Rev. Dr. Zeller, pastor, reports the following additions during the late festival days: on Sunday after Ascension, twenty-two by confirmation, and on Whitsunday, seven by certificate.

The three congregations constituting the Mt. Moriah charge, Md., and their pastor, the Rev. A. C. Geary, responded to the appeal of the Board of Missions for a special thank-offering in view of the spirit of unity and peace that has come to prevail in the Church. A brief statement was made by the pastor at a previous service, and small envelopes distributed with the request, that every one contributing should write his or her name on it with a view of making a complete and permanent record of the offerings. The result was as follows: Sharpsburg congregation, \$10.02; Keedysville, \$21.38; and Mt. Moriah, \$15.48, making a total of \$47.48. This, together with the regular communion collections for benevolent purposes, held only a few weeks previously, amounting to \$20.25, raised the aggregate amount of benevolent contributions of the charge this spring to the sum of \$68.13. The charge, numbering only 175 communicant members, accordingly averaged for the peace offering alone a fraction over twenty-seven cents per member. Besides this, its other pecuniary obligations have been fully and promptly met. It is believed, that the fact, that upward of seventy copies of the MESSENGER, embracing nearly every family, are taken, has much to do with encouraging and fostering a spirit of benevolence and liberality among this people. Nine persons were added to the church in connection with the spring communions, four by confirmation, two by adult baptism and confirmation, and three by certificate.

The communion of the Lord's Supper was held in Christ church, Hagerstown, Md., Rev. L. G. Kremer, pastor, on the 17th of April. The communion was the largest as to members during the present pastorate. Nine persons were added to the church, three by confirmation and six by certificate. This increases the number of additions to thirteen during the present pastorate.

F.

PITTSBURGH SYNOD.

A special collection for Missions, in compliance with the recommendation of the Board of Missions, was taken up in the Zion's Mission church, East End, Pittsburgh, Rev. J. W. Knappenberger, pastor, on Sunday, May 9th. It netted \$5.48. The sum may appear to some to be comparatively small. If, however, large self-sustaining congregations were to contribute in proportion to the amount contributed by this small mission congregation the Treasury of the Board of Missions would soon be replenished with an amount of funds sufficient to meet all the demands made upon it.

Rev. A. E. Truxal was installed pastor of the Irvin, Pa., charge, on the 5th of May, by a committee of the Westmoreland Classis. Rev. D. B. Lady and D. S. Dieffenbacher conducted the services on the occasion. The new pastor held his first communion on Whitsunday. The attendance was large. Thirty-four persons were added to the church, fifteen by certificate and nineteen by renewal of profession. The pastor thus enters upon the labors of his new field under encouraging circumstances.

F.

At a communion held on Whitsunday in the Wilhelm congregations, twenty-one new members were added, of whom fifteen were confirmed, thus making an addition of forty-five to the charge during the spring communions.

Rev. F. A. Edmonds held an interesting communion service assisted by Revs. W. F. Lichter and G. Souder, at which time there were over three hundred communicants. Confirmed, 24. Thus the congregation at Harmony from almost nothing, has been brought into a most flourishing condition.

H.

WESTERN CHURCH.

Rev. J. S. Kuhl has accepted a call from the church at Piqua, Ohio.

On Whitsunday, fifteen persons were added to the church at Shanesville, Ohio, Rev. Dr. J. G. Zahner, pastor, by confirmation, of whom six are heads of families.

In connection with a communion held on the 9th of May, in the New Jefferson charge, Germano, Ohio, Rev. F. F. Christine, pastor, five persons were added to the church, two by confirmation, who also received adult baptism, and three by certificate.

F.

Rev. Dr. David Winters, pastor of the Mt. Zion charge, near Dayton, Ohio, received into the church, in connection with his Spring communions, sixteen persons, ten by confirmation and six by certificate.

F.

NOTICE.

Delegates to the Sunday School Convention of Clarion Classis, and members of Clarion Classis coming by rail on June the 2d and 3d, will be met at Reynoldsville, by private conveyance on the 2.30 P. M. train only.

JNO. WOLBACH.

SORE THROAT, COUGH, COLD and similar troubles, if suffered to progress, result in serious Pulmonary Affections, oftentimes incurable. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" reach directly the seat of the disease, and give almost instant relief.

Youth's Department.

SHADOWS.

A. Z. G.

A little word—soon spoken,
In petulance and pain—
A golden link once broken
And never whole again.

Upon the brow a shadow,
Upon the lip a play,
The wealth of El Dorado
Can never buy away.

A shaft of sin and sorrow,
From heart to heart of love—
And O, the sad to-morrow
And the one heaven above!

O why should the true-hearted
Be to its own unkind,
Why should sweet love be parted
And scattered to the wind?

O why to all so smiling
Save to the one alone—
All other hearts beguiling,
But that we call our own?

O mystery of loving—
O wilful, tearful way,
That lingers in the shadow
And trifles with the day!

—Exchange.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

This is a true story, about a real boy. The boy's name is Dick. That is not a very uncommon name, and his last name is not an uncommon one, either. I am not going to tell you what it is, though, for perhaps he would not like it.

Dick's father died when his son was just able to toddle. After awhile, Dick grew to be a pretty big boy. Then he began to be anxious to get something to do to help his mother. It was a good while before he found anything; but he came home one day, at last, and said:

"Mother, I've got a place."

"What sort of a place?" asked his mother.

"In the factory," said Dick, cheerfully.

But the mother shook her head.

"I don't half like it, my boy," she said. "They're dangerous places, these factories. Some day you'll be going too near the big wheels, or the bands, or something, and then—"

She stopped and shuddered; but Dick only laughed.

"Well, what then, mother?" he said.

"What do you think is going to happen to a fellow with a cool head and a steady hand? Almost all the accidents that you hear of happen because people are careless, or because they get frightened, and don't know what they are about. I'm not going to be careless, and I'm not going to get frightened. And, mother, even if anything very bad did happen to me, I should be doing my duty, shouldn't I? You wouldn't have a great fellow like me staying around here idle, for fear of getting into danger, would you?"

"Well, no, I suppose not," said his mother, remembering what a bad thing idleness is for anybody, and how surely it leads boys, as well as men into mischief.

So the next day Dick was at his post in the factory. I cannot tell you what sort of a factory it was, nor exactly what he had to do there. Nobody ever told me that part of it. All I know is that he spent the days among the great, whirling machinery, and that he did his work steadily and well, in spite of noise, and confusion, and dust, and fatigue, and danger.

By the time he had been there for a month or two, he had forgotten all about the danger, and even his mother began to think that he was as safe there as in his own home.

That is always the way when you are used to things, you know. People who live under the shadow of a volcano forget that the burning lava ever streams down its sides and desolates the country around. Some day it does so, though, and sometimes accidents happen, even to the most confident boys.

Was Dick careless that day? I don't know, and neither did he. He thought that he was doing his work as steadily and as carefully as usual; but suddenly he felt something—just a little twitch at his sleeve; nothing at all to mind if you are playing with your school-mates, but then Dick was not playing with his school-mates. There was nobody near

enough to give him that twitch, and he knew in an instant what it meant—that the fingers that gripped him were iron fingers, and that the pulse that beat in them was the cruel, merciless pulse of steam.

Most boys would at least have looked around in sudden surprise—would have yielded for a moment to the twitch and then—the horror, and agony, and death. What did Dick do? Quick as a flash, the thought came:

"I am caught in the machinery. I can't help that, but I won't be drawn in. I won't! I WON'T! I WON'T!"

It was hardly a thought, you know, only a swift, wordless instinct. Then he set his teeth, and clenched his fists, and braced every nerve and muscle to stand like a rock, while the machinery did its work.

"Crack! crack!"

That was his shirt, pulled off him like the husk off an ear of corn.

"Crack! crack!"

The flannel shirt went next, stripped into shreds by the iron fingers.

"Crack! crack!"

That was his merino shirt, and Dick stood, rigid and motionless still, with not an atom of clothing from the waist up.

The men around him had not been as quiet as he, you may be sure. There had been shrieks and cries enough when they first saw what had happened, but the machinery could not be stopped all in a minute, let the engineer try as he would.

It seemed a century to the men, though it was only three or four minutes, before the great wheels shivered and stood still. Some of the men had covered their eyes, fearing to see—what? Splashes of blood on the floor and walls, and a horrible, mangled mass, tangled and broken in an iron grip.

What did those who dared to look see? Only a curly-haired, bright-eyed boy, who looked around at them as quietly and boldly as if nothing at all had happened.

"Why, Smith," said Dick, looking at the man nearest to him, "how pale you are! And Jones is trembling like a leaf, and Brown can hardly stand! Why, I'm the best off of you all—if I haven't got many clothes left," he added, as he looked down at himself. "If somebody will lend me a coat, I think I'd better go home and get another shirt."

"So you see, mother," said Dick, "what I told you is true. If a fellow's head is cool, and his nerves steady, there isn't much fear for him. And the good Lord keeps watch in the factories as well as outside."

Now, what I want you to notice about the story is this: It was not Dick's good luck that saved him, but simply his courage and presence of mind. If he had yielded for one instant to the grip of the machinery—if he had hesitated for a moment what to do—that moment would have been his last.

Don't you think that there is a lesson in all this, if you take it the right way?

—Central Christian Advocate.

GOD'S CARE.

In a village near Warsaw there lived a pious peasant, by name Dobry. Without any fault of his own, he had fallen into arrear with his rent, and the landlord determined to turn him out. It was winter, and evening, and the next day he was to be turned out with all his family. As they sat in their sorrow, Dobry knelt down in their midst and they sang,

"Commit thou all thy griefs,
And ways into His hands."

Just as they came to the last verse,

"When Thou wouldst all our needs supply,
Who then shall stay thy hand?"

there was a knock at the door. It was an old friend, a raven, that Dobry's grandfather had taken out of the nest, and tamed, and then set at liberty. Dobry opened the door; the raven hopped in, and in his bill there was a ring, set with precious stones.

Dobry thought he would sell the ring; but he thought again that he would take and show it to his minister; and he, who saw at once by the crest

that it belonged to King Stanislaus, took it to him and related the story. The king sent for Dobry, and rewarded him so that he was no more in need, and the next year built him a new house, and gave him cattle from his own herd; and over the house-door there is an iron tablet, whereon is engraved a raven with a ring in his beak, and underneath the verse,

"Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve Thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light!"

PREPARE THE WAY.

Katie wandered about the house with a very sober face. At last she came to her mother.

"Mamma, may I run over to Stella's for a few minutes?"

"Why, my child, you have been with her all day in school, and now want to see her again so soon?"

"Well, mamma, she wanted me to show her about her lesson, and I was in a hurry and wouldn't; and now I am sorry, and I want to tell her so."

"But, daughter, the chance for helping her is past now. You have other duties, and you can tell her you are sorry when you see her in the morning, can't you?"

Katie looked down at the carpet for a minute, then she said:

"Yes, mamma, I could; but I wanted her to go to the prayer-meeting with me to-night, and I thought if I asked her to forgive me it would prepare the way."

SHINE.

Jesus bids us shine
With a pure, clear light,
Like a little candle
Burning in the night;
For the world is darkness,
So we must shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine
First of all, for Him;
Well He sees and knows it,
If our light be dim.
He looks down from heaven
To see us shine,
You in your small corner
And I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine,
Ye, for all around;
O, with depths of darkness
Jehovah's world are found!
Them sin, there's want and sorrow,
Sore must shine,
You in your small corner
And I in mine.

CHILDREN CAN SERVE CHRIST.

The boy that carried the five loaves and two fishes was of some service to the benevolent and wonder-working Saviour.

A little boy once said to his mother, "I should like to have lived in the time of our Saviour that I might have done something for Him."

His mother smiled, and said:

"What could a child of your years have done for Him to prove your goodwill?"

The little boy thought a moment and then said:

"I would run everywhere doing His errands."

Now the boy could still serve Christ by giving his little savings to translate, print, and circulate Bibles and Testaments. The Lord Jesus could still see him do it, and still remember all he did for the boys and girls.—Bible Adv.

MARABOUTS AND HYENAS.

The bluest storks in the world are found in Southern Asia and Central Africa. Their flesh-colored heads are only partially covered with stiff, wiry feathers, and hanging on the breast they bear a disgusting pouch, which answers the purpose of a crop. One of the largest of these storks is the marabout. It stalks about the great sandy plains of Central Africa with a composure and lordly grandeur, as if it were the most beautiful bird in the world. Its body feathers are of a dull metallic green color, and its wings and tail are dingy black. Looking at the awkward creature, no one would suspect that under its ungainly wings it carried the most exquisite and fairy-like little plumes, so airy that it takes basketfuls of them to weigh an ounce. They are pure white, and so

much desired for trimming that the bird is vigorously hunted by the natives, who sell these dainty feathers to traders for a very large price.

Hunting the marabout is attended with great difficulty, as the bird possesses wonderful cunning, and often contrives to outwit the most skilful hunter. With laughable dignity it measures the ground between itself and its pursuer, and takes very good care not to exhaust itself by too rapid flight. If the hunter moves slowly, the bird at once adopts an equally easy pace, but if the hunter quickens his steps, the bird is off like an arrow. It is very difficult to get within gun-range of this calculating creature, but the natives adopt a novel means of capturing it, which the bird, with all its astuteness, is unable to comprehend, and falls an easy victim. A tempting morsel of meat is tied to the end of a long stout cord, which the skilful hunter flings to a great distance, as he would a lasso, the bait falling as near the fleeing bird as he can aim it. He then conceals himself hastily behind a bush, or crouches low on the sand. The marabout, which always keeps its eye on the hunter, seeing him vanish, quietly stops and devours the bait, when it is easily secured by the hunter, who runs toward it, coiling the rope as he goes.

The marabout feeds on carrion, like the vulture. Its throat is very large, and it will greedily eat everything that comes in its way. In the swamps and plains around Khartoom, on the Nile, are immense flocks of marabouts, and they are so daring as to come to the slaughter-houses on the outskirts of the city in search of food, and whole ox ears, and shin-bones with hoof attached, have been found in the crop of specimens which have been killed.

This bird is a very skilful fisher. It haunts the low marshy islands in the rivers and lakes of Central Africa, with elephants, monkeys, flamingoes, and many varieties of birds for its companions, and gains its principal food from the water. It often goes in companies of ten or twelve to fish. Wading in the water, the birds form a circle which they gradually draw together, gathering the frightened fish in the centre as with a net, when with their long bills and quick movement they speedily provide themselves with a hearty meal.

Although marabout mammals have been seen proudly parading round with a brood of diminutive downy young ones, so shy and retiring is this bird in its domestic habits that naturalists have been unable to determine when and how it builds its nest. The natives assert that it nests in high trees, but their statement is not confirmed.

In captivity the marabout is lord of the enclosure, and in zoological gardens where specimens have been confined no other birds, nor even small beasts, dare approach the feeding trough until the hunger of this impudent bird is satisfied, and it has retired to the warmest corner for a nap. The immense strength of its bill makes it a formidable enemy, and when fighting for food it will often overcome the largest vultures, and wage successful battle with beasts of prey.

The hyena inhabits the same portions of Asia and Africa as the marabout, and travelers give accounts of terrible contests between these two singular members of the animal kingdom. The hyena is called the vulture among beasts, as it prefers carrion for its food, and as long as it can find dead animals to devour, it leaves the flocks and herds in peace. Cowardly by nature, it rarely attacks man or beast unless driven to desperation by hunger.

The striped hyena inhabits the northern latitudes of Africa, Persia, and Syria, while the spotted species, which is easily tamed, and is sometimes called hyena-dog, is found in large numbers in the vast plains of South Africa.

The hyena is a strange-looking beast. It has a big head and a heavy shaggy mane. The hind part of its body is much lower than its shoulders, and its hind-legs are short. This odd formation gives it an awkward, shambling manner of walking, which is both ludicrous and hideous.

This creature rarely shows itself by

day, but when the shadows of night fall on the plains and forests, it comes out from its home among the rocks and caverns in search of food. African travelers are much annoyed by it. When the camp is silent, and all are sleeping, the hyena comes prowling round, uttering hoarse human cries; and should it fail to find sufficient camp refuse to satisfy its hunger, some poor donkey is sure to be torn in pieces by its terribly strong jaws.

Few animals have been the subject of so much superstition. In ancient times it was believed that a dog went mad if a hyena turned its evil-eye upon it, and the beast was believed by many to be a wicked sorcerer who went about in human form by day, and at night assumed the shape of a hyena. The poor and ignorant peasantry of Arabia, even at the present day, believe in the evil-eye of this beast, and are afraid to shoot it lest they should incur the wrath of the wicked spirit which they imagine walks the earth in this ugly form.

The poor hyena, however, far from being an evil spirit, is a real blessing to the regions it inhabits, as it is a natural scavenger, provided by the kind wisdom of nature to clear the ground of much loathsome and decaying matter, thereby rendering the air sweeter and purer and more healthful.—Harper's Young People.

Pleasantries.

Maud (an aristocratic child):—"How pretty and clever you are, mother! I'm so glad you married into our family."

A little girl, hearing it remarked that all people had once been children, artlessly inquired, "Who took care of the babies?"

It is said if you sit down when assailed by a ferocious dog, the beast will not touch you.—But a judicious man will select as high a seat as possible.

"Don't you find that it hurts your lawn to let your children play on it?" asked a friend of a suburban man, the other day. "Yes," answered the gentleman addressed; "but it doesn't hurt the children."

Darwinian.—Our village grocer, (great floriculturist):—"Most extraordinary thing, sir; last year I had some bacon in my shop that went bad during that hot weather, and I buried it in my garden. You'll hardly believe it, but all my asters this season come up streaky."—Punch.

A lawyer once asked Judge Pickens of Alabama to charge the jury that "it is better that ninety and nine guilty men should escape than that one innocent man should be punished." "Yes," said the witty judge, "I will give that charge; but, in the opinion of the court, the ninety and nine guilty men have already escaped in this country."

In the full press of public business during the civil war, an Illinois farmer came to urge on Mr. Lincoln his claim for a pair of horses taken for military service. The President found relief in a story. One day a steamboat captain was putting his boat through a most dangerous rapid: a little boy ran up to him in his greatest strain and cried, "Cap'n, stop your ship! my apple has fallen overboard."

NOT BAD.—"W—, do you know why you are like a donkey?"

"Like a donkey!" echoed W—, opening his eyes wide. "No, I don't."

"Do you give it up?"

"I do."

"Because your better-half is stubbornness itself."

"That's not bad. Ha! ha! I'll give that to my wife when I get home."

"Mrs. W—," he asked, as he sat down to supper, "do you know why I am like a donkey?"

He waited a moment, expecting his wife to give it up. But she didn't. She looked at him somewhat commiseratingly as she answered:

"I suppose because you were born so."

Religious Intelligence.

Home.

The Roman Catholic immigration into this country from 1820 to 1875 numbered 3,150,232. The number of communicants in that Church in the United States is reported at 6,500,000.

Unitarianism.—Unitarianism seems to be on the decline, which Christians will not regret, as it is a system that refuses to give the Saviour the divine honor which is His due. It appears from their statistics, that there was a decrease of twenty Unitarian churches in this country during the last year, and of their four hundred and eighty ministers, one hundred and eighty-seven are not settled.

The American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions celebrated its seventieth anniversary in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, last week. The reports show that the Board occupies 673 stations in Asiatic countries, Turkey, Spain, Mexico and Austria, with 141 ordained missionaries, 227 assistants, and 1171 native helpers; the total number of churches being 261, and of members, 15,000. The regular donations need to advance at least 40 per cent. beyond those of last year to meet appropriations already made for the coming year.

The annual Convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians concluded its sessions in this city on Saturday, the 15th inst., and elected the following for the ensuing year: National Delegate, Patrick Kernan, Louisiana; National Vice Delegate, Patrick McGuire, Brooklyn; National Secretary, Thaddeus Flannigan, San Francisco; National Treasurer, Bernard Doyle, Providence, R. I.; National Directors, John Hart, Jersey City; Matthew Curran, Louisville; P. H. McNellis, Indianapolis; John Haggerty, Cincinnati; Patrick McGinnis, New Haven, Conn. The Convention adopted a resolution declaring that there is nothing in the letter or spirit of its constitution or laws of government by which the Order should be classed with organizations proscribed by the Roman Catholic Church, and resenting as unwarranted and prejudiced any attack either upon the Order or its representatives "from any individual, no matter what his position may be, so long as those who fill similar positions recognize in us the true and unflinching element of Catholicity." This is an outspoken rebellion against Archbishop Wood.

Abroad.

Great preparations are being made for the laying of the corner-stone of the new Anglican cathedral at Truro. The Prince and Princess of Wales are to be present.

In accordance with the expressed wish of the Moravian General Synod, which met in Germany last May, the Moravian missions in the West Indies have held a conference, and decided to erect the missions into a province, or, rather, two provinces, like the American and British Provinces. Jamaica constitutes the Western Province, and the Danish and other English islands the Eastern Province. Each province has its own constitution, and controls its own local affairs.

India has 143,000 scholars in mission schools, and 1600 pupils who have passed the entrance university examination. The London Missionary Society has 590, and the English Wesleyans 1697 schools in the South Sea Islands. It is estimated that there are 12,000 mission schools in the world, containing at least 40,000 pupils.

An Old Centre of Learning.—Besides the valuable manuscripts in the hand of St. Thomas Aquinas, which were recently discovered in an Italian Benedictine monastery, many other works have been found which also are unpublished, and some of them are thought to be valuable additions to theological literature. The monastery in which they were hidden stands on the steep sides of the Simbrevian Hills, 26 miles beyond Tivoli and 34 from Rome, and was founded in the Vth century by the Abbot Honoratus, the successor of Benedict. "Nothing," says a writer, "can exceed the solemn grandeur, of its situation, perched upon huge crags, and with the roaring river below." Though repeatedly attacked and burned by the Lombards, the Saracens and by other enemies, it has been as often rebuilt, and each time in greater splendor than before. Like other monasteries of the Benedictine order, it was for a long period a conspicuous seat of learning. The first printing press set up in Italy was established there in 1464, and a copy of the first book printed by it—"Lactantius de divinis institutionibus"—may still be seen in its library. The patron saint of the monastery will be honored to-day, to-morrow and Thursday by a celebration of the fourteenth century of his birth. The feast of the saint fell on Palm Sunday this year, but the Pope gave permission for a triduum on the 4th, 5th, and 6th of April. A medal to commemorate the event is to be coined.

Books and Periodicals.

THE FABULOUS GODS DENOUNCED IN THE BIBLE. Translated from Selden's "Syrian Deities," by W. A. Hauser. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1880. Pp. 178. Price \$1.25.

The ancestors of Abraham, from whom the Jewish nation derived their origin, were worshippers of idols. It is a very natural conclusion, therefore, supported by allusions in the Bible itself, that he, in his early years, sympathized with his ancestors in this direction. In the course of time, however, he was brought to the knowledge of the One True and Living God, and worshiped Him only. Still, he and his descendants were surrounded by idolatrous nations, and were at times led more or less astray, through influences

thus brought to bear upon them, for which also they were, in each case, severely punished.

The idols of the heathen are frequently mentioned by name in the Scriptures. The number of names thus recorded is greater, than is generally supposed by the mere superficial observer. Some of them occur quite frequently, such as Baal, Dagon, Moloch, etc. In order to understand the Scriptures fully, therefore, it is necessary that the student of the Bible should have some knowledge, not only of the names of these idols, but also of the nature of the worship rendered them. Any work, accordingly, which may aid him in procuring this knowledge, must be regarded as of essential service to him.

The author of the work before us was an eminent Christian lawyer, who resided in England more than two centuries and a half ago. He was distinguished for his learning, and wrote and published a number of works on different subjects, of which the present one was the last. It was written in Latin, and evinces throughout great learning and extensive research. The work has become rare, and is accessible only to a few. Hence the translator has been induced to furnish it to the public in an English dress. He has executed his work well, and thus rendered an important service to all who wish to study the Scriptures thoroughly, which, it is to be presumed, will also be duly appreciated.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW. May, 1880. The Conservative Collapse: A Letter to an Old Conservative; Ernest Renan, by George Saintsbury; Home Rule in Several Countries, by Sir George Campbell; M. P.: Ideals of Feminine Usefulness, by Edith Simcox; An Attempted Philosophy of History, by Leslie Stephen; The Settled Land Bill, by Lord Westworth; A Recent Page of Arabian History, by Wilfrid S. Blunt; The Revolt of the Counties, by William E. Bear; Home and Foreign Affairs; The Trumpet-Major, by Thomas Hardy, chapters XV. to XVII., from Good Words. Price 20 cents. New York, George Munro, Publisher, 17 to 27 Vandewater St.

The catholicity of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY is well illustrated by the June number, which must certainly appeal to a wide range of literary tastes. For lovers of light reading there are papers on "Rocky Mountain Nights," "Spring Hereabouts," "Thackeray as a Draughtsman," with over thirty reproductions of the novelist's sketches; "Life in Florence," a sprightly paper from an American point of view; "My Friend, Mrs. Angel," a humorous story of Washington Life. The current political interest is appealed to by H. J. Raymond's Journal of "The Philadelphia Convention of 1866," and Henry King's picturesque sketch of "A Year of the Exodus in Kansas," and indirectly by Principal Grant's third paper on "The Dominion of Canada." Other papers, more solid and of a serious interest, are Mr. Soudier's paper on "William Blake, Poet and Painter," Rev. Isaac H. Hall's account of "The Cypriot Inscriptions," and Richard A. Proctor's "Sunspots and Financial Panics." Schuyler's "Peter the Great" is interestingly illustrated, and deals with Peter's first marriage, the administration of Sophia, the eternal peace with Poland, old Russian sports, etc., etc. Mr. Cable's "Granddames" is rapidly justifying the high claims made for it by the publishers. The departments contain many articles of special or timely interest. The whole number is beautifully illustrated.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for June, 1880, is said to be the most beautiful number of that periodical ever issued. That is saying a great deal for it, but the comparison may be just. One of the most interesting papers to Protestants is J. J. Eglinton Montgomery's contribution on the Thuringian Valley and its associations with Martin Luther. This, with most of the improvements art is making in this direction. The following table of contents will speak for itself: A Moorland Village, Mrs. John Lillie, with nineteen illustrations; Spring Steps, a poem, William C. Richards; Hieronymus Pop and the Baby, Sherwood Bonner, with nine illustrations; Working-Women in New York, William H. Rideing with nine illustrations; The Country of Luther, J. E. Montgomery, with twelve illustrations; The Errand, a poem, James H. Morse, with one illustration; Captain Nathan Hale, Henry P. Johnston, with seven illustrations; Old Dutch Masters, II. Albert Cuyper, E. M. Hamilton, with six illustrations; Spring-Time, William Gibson, with six illustrations; White Wings, a yachting romance, William Black, with two illustrations; Beef and Bullocks, A. B. Allen; A Puzzle for Metaphysicians, Mrs. Harriette Woods Baker; The Strong Government, George Ticknor Curtis; De Courcy's Ride, a story, W. H. Babcock; Ingratitude of the Republic; Mary Annerley, a novel, R. D. Blackmore; Down in the Clover, Mrs. A. S. Elzeffer; Editor's Easy Chair, Literary Record, Historical Record and Drawer, all very fine.

Besides the Magazine, the Harpers publish their "Weekly," "Evening," "Young People." The first three are furnished for \$10; any two for \$7 per year. The "Young People" sparkles, and may be had for \$1.50 per year.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE.—The numbers of The Living Age for the weeks ending May 15th and 22d, respectively, contain the following articles: The History of Rent in England, Contemporary; The Irish Small Farmer, Fortnightly; Personal Recollections of Mary Carpenter, Modern Review; Religion Achaian and Semitic, by Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Nineteenth Century; The Suppression of the Templars in England, Church Quarterly Review; Illusions of Memory, Cornhill; Notes on Infidelity, by Richard A. Proctor, and The Dog and its Folk-lore, Gentleman's Magazine; Eleanor: a Tale of Non-Performers, Blackwood; The Civil Code of the Jews, Pall Mall; Mr. Bradenell Carter on Short-sight, Spectator; A Russian Ice-House, Chambers' Journal; with instalments of "Adam and Eve," "He that Will Not When He May," and "Verona Fontaine's Rebellion," and the usual amount of poetry.

For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year), the subscription price (\$8) is low; while for \$10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American \$4 monthlies or weeklies with The Living Age for a year, including the extra numbers of the latter, both postpaid. Little & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

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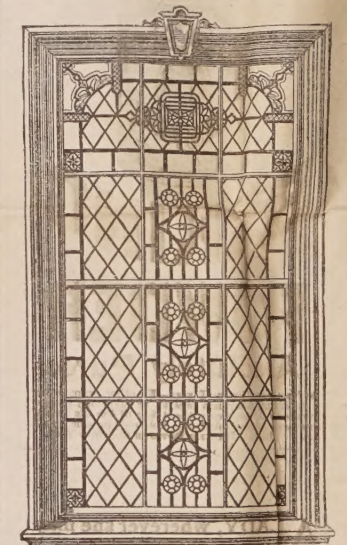
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OCEAN GROVE, N. J.—Record.—L. L. Lums with, Esq., of Philadelphia, well sustained his reputation as one of the most enterprising men of the day, in finishing up the job undertaken on the Temple in a highly satisfactory manner on time.

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General News.

HOME.

Fully 70,000 persons, including high officials of the government, are said to have assembled on the banks of the Potomac one day last week, to see a champion boat race, which amounted to nothing in the end.

The severe and long continued droughts that have prevailed in the Middle Atlantic states are telling dreadfully upon vegetation. The dry weather has facilitated the forest fires which have caused so much loss and annoyance.

Congress is still engaged on the Tariff Bill without much prospect of adopting it. So much time has been spent on the appointment of Census officers, etc., that the appropriation necessary to run the government will hardly be passed.

In answer to inquiries by congress, officers of the U. S. Army testified to the immense advantage that would accrue to the country in a military point of view, if the Northern Pacific Railroad were completed. No definite action has yet been taken, however, in regard to extending the time for construction. It is said that the bill authorizing this is used by stock gamblers to excite or depress the market.

The great financial excitement of the week was caused by the collapse of the Reading Coal and Iron Co., which carried with it the Reading Railroad. On Friday, the 21st, President Gowen announced his inability to meet obligations, and payments were suspended. The stock went down from 23 1/2 to 15 1/2. The road will still be worked. The monies received for passenger fares and freights will be devoted to the payment of labor and supplies. Those who have investments in either of the above companies will suffer, and trade will be somewhat affected by it, yet the gold basis on which things now rest will prevent any such general disaster as followed the failure of Jay Cooke & Co., a few years ago.

FOREIGN.

A despatch from Berlin to the London Times says: The Ultramontanists have resolved to recommence the war against Bismarck, and stir up the Catholic population against the Government. The first important meeting of Catholics has been held at Dortmund, a province of Westphalia, at which twenty thousand persons were present, including many noblemen and influential leaders. The meeting fully approved the attitude of the centre party in the Reichstag, and expressed the hope that the Catholics would move in the Reichstag for a law making the ministers responsible for their acts. The Catholics also to demand the total abolition of the May laws.

The Catholic press have undertaken a crusade to excite hatred and mistrust against the Government. Two members of the party—Prince Edmund Radziwill and Count Balles-tem—have gone to Rome to give some explanation as to the state of affairs to the leaders at the Vatican and to receive instructions.

The Bundesrath will prolong its sitting some weeks longer. It will be prorogued until October, when the new business regulations will come in force, and the Council will be composed quite differently, as all the leading German ministers will participate in discussions.

A Berlin despatch to the Morning Post says: Emperor William has given his assent to the draft of a measure for introduction in the Prussian Diet, modifying the Falk laws.

ANNUAL MEETINGS OF THE CLASSES.

SYNOPSIS OF THE UNITED STATES, POTOMAC AND PITTSBURGH.

Places and Time of Meeting.
Somerset Classis: Beam's Church, Somerset Co., Pa., Wednesday, June 2d, 7.30 P. M.
North Carolina Classis: Brick Church, Guilford Co., N. C., Thursday, June 3d, 10 A. M.

Clarion Classis: Troutville, Clearfield Co., Pa., Thursday, June 3d, 7.30 P. M.
Philadelphia Classis: East Vincent, Chester Co., Pa., Friday, June 4th, 7.30 P. M.
Tohickon Classis: Indian Creek, Montgomery Co., Pa., Friday, June 11th, 7.30 P. M.
Portland, Oregon, Classis: Portland, Oregon, Thursday, July 8th, 7.30 P. M. D.

Acknowledgments.

BETHANY ORPHANS' HOME, WOMELSDORF, PA.

Rec'd from Rev Uriah Weidner, Pleasantville charge, \$14 50
W. D. Gross, Treas.

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Terner, J. S.
Vanderloot, F. W.
Wendle, Mrs. T., Whitting, E., Wenner, M., Wil-meyer, D. P., Wolfe, Mrs. T.
Zimmerman, A.

THE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, May 22d, 1880.

[The prices here given are wholesale.]
BREADSTUFFS.—Flour. We note sales of 500 barrels Pennsylvania family for export at \$5.25, and 700 barrels to the trade, in lots, on a basis of quotations as follows: Super, \$3.50; winter extras, \$4.45, as to quality; Pennsylvania fair and fancy family at \$5.25 to \$5.62; Ohio and Indiana do. at \$5.25 to \$5.62; do, high grade, \$6.25; St. Louis do. at \$5.50 to \$6.00; Minnesota bakers' extras, old at \$5.50 to \$5.75, mostly nominal; fresh do. at \$5.75 to \$6.25, and winter and spring wheat patents and high grades at \$6.50 to \$8, as to quality. Rye Flour was scarce and firm at \$4.75 for choice Pennsylvania.

SEND 50c.

and stamp for a Silk Craps Fichu in Cream, Black, White, Sky Blue, Pink, Green, Orange. They cost to import, \$1.25 each.

SEND 25c.

and stamp for a White French Muslin Embroidered Tie worth 40c.

SEND \$1.00

and stamp for a White Shetland Shawl with Fringe. Sold last year at \$2.00.

SEND 25c.

and stamp for Cream Lace Fichu worth 45c.

SEND \$1.25

and stamp for Long Lace mitts in Black, or Old Gold, White, Light Blue, or Drab. Worth \$2.00.

SEND 65c.

and stamp for best 3 Button Kid Gloves ever sold for One Dollar or less. No Blacks.

SEND 10c.

and stamp for Beaded Lace Scarf worth 65c. Blue, Amber, and Myrtle only left.

SEND \$2.25

and stamp for extra quality Gosamer Water proof worth \$3.50.

SEND 50c.

and stamp for White Lace and India Silk tie. Value, \$1.00.

SEND \$1.00

and 5c. stamp for best Corsets ever sold for the money.

SEND 25c.

and stamp for 2 Gents Woven Border Colored Border Handkerchiefs.

Although in business for many years, this is the first year that we have made any effort for the mail order business, and we ask the readers of this valuable paper to have faith in us. If we were not thorough business people enough to know that the only road to success—permanent success—is by trading in an honorable, truthful, and straightforward manner, the very character of this paper is a guarantee of the standing of our business. We are extremely desirous of making a grand success of our mail order business, as we have of everything we have ever undertaken, which is sufficient in itself to promise prompt attention, advantageous prices, and choice selections of goods. We have advertised for you to send and purchase certain articles, not so much for the sale in itself, as to show you by a small investment what you may do in a larger one.

SOUTHWICK'S COMBINATION STORE, Eleventh and Chestnut Sts., Phila.

WHEAT.—We note sales of small lots Pennsylvania and Southern red and amber to the local trade at \$1.25 to \$1.31, as to quality; 800 bushels No. 2 red, in elevator, early, at \$1.28 1/2, with \$1.29 bid and \$1.30 asked at the close; 10,000 bushels do. May at \$1.29, and 10,000 bushels do. July at \$1.14, closing at the noon call with \$1.29 bid and \$1.30 asked May; \$1.24 bid and \$1.24 1/2 asked June; \$1.13 1/2 bid and \$1.14 1/2 asked July, and \$1.10 bid and \$1.11 asked August. Stock in elevators, 120,984 bushels.

CORN.—The local market was almost bare of stock and 1/2 c. higher, with sales of 3,000 bushels, in lots, including mixed at 54 1/2 c.; Delaware yellow at 55 1/2 c.; track; do. white on dock at 54 c., and do. do. in elevator at 55 1/2 c. Stock in elevators, 287,601 bushels.

OATS.—We note sales of 5,600 bushels, in lots, including dark mixed at 41 c.; No. 2 do. at 41 1/2 c.; rejected white at 44 1/2 c.; No. 3 do. at 45 1/2 c., and No. 2 do. at 46 1/2 c., with No. 1 do. quoted at 47 1/2 c. closing at open Board with 44 c. bid and 45 c. asked for No. 2 white, May; 43 1/2 c. bid and 43 1/2 c. asked for June, and 40 c. bid and 42 c. asked for July.

RYE was firm and scarce at 99c. for prime Pennsylvania.

GROCERIES.—Coffee was dull, but steady, with sales of 800 bags common and low fair Rio at 11 1/2 c.; 75 bags ordinary Laguayra at 13 1/2 c.; and 75 bags fair Maracchino at 15 c. Raw sugars were firm at 17 1/2 c. for fair to good refining muscovado. Refined sugars were quiet and unchanged at 9 1/2 c. for cut loaf, crushed and powdered; 9 1/2 c. for granulated, 9 1/2 c. for mould A and 9 1/2 c. for standard A. Molasses was quoted nominally at 35c. for 50 test. Rice was in fair demand and firm at 64 1/2 c. for ordinary to choice Carolina.

PROVISIONS.—We quote Mess Pork at \$11.25; shoulders in salt at 48 1/2 c.; smoked shoulders at 52 1/2 c.; pickled bellies at 7 1/2 c., as to average; do. shoulders, 52 1/2 c.; loose butchers' Lard, 62c.; prime steam do. 7 1/2 c.; city kettle do., 7 1/2 c. Beef Hams at \$17 to \$17.50; smoked Hams, 10 1/2 c.; sweet pickled Hams, 8 1/2 c. for heavy and light averages; extra India Mess Beef, \$18 to \$18.50, f. o. b. City family do. at \$12; packet do., \$11, f. o. b. City Tallow, 6 1/2 c.

BUTTER.—We quote creamery extras at 23c., do. good to choice, \$19 to 22c.; imitation creamery, 14 c. to 17c. as to quality; Bradford tubs, extras, 20 to 21c.; York State tubs, extras, 19 to 20c.; fair to choice, 15 to 18c.; Western Dairy extras at 15 to 17c.; do. fair to good at 12 to 14c.; factory packed, 12 to 15c., as to quality. Shipping grades, 9 to 11c. Rolls—Choice, 15 to 16c.; do. good to prime, 12 to 14c. Prints—Fancy at 24 to 27c.; do. firsts at 20 to 23c.; do. seconds at 15 to 18c.

CHEESE.—We quote New York factory, full cream, at 12 1/2 c.; selections, 13 to 13 1/2 c.; do. fair to good, 10 to 11c.; do. half-skims, 9 to 10c.; Ohio new full cream, 11c.; do. half-skims, 9 to 10c.; soft full skims, 7 to 8c., hard do., 4 to 6c.

EGGS.—We note sales of fresh Western at 12 1/2 c. and Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and other near by stock at 13 to 13 1/2 c., with exceptional small sales reported as high as 14c.

LIVE POULTRY.—Old Chickens were in fair supply and demand at 9 to 10c. Springs were scarce and firm at 18 to 20c., as to quality.

HAY AND STRAW.—Hay was in small supply and good demand at full prices. Straw was moderately active and steady. We quote prime out and baled timothy, \$19.50 to \$20; mixed do. at \$17 to \$18. Rye Straw at \$23.50 to \$24; wheat do. at \$12, and oat do. \$13.

FARMERS' HAY AND STRAW MARKET for the week ending May 22, 1880.—Loads of Hay, 343; do. Straw, 63. Average prices during the week: Prime Timothy, \$10 to \$12; 100 lb. do. mixed, 1.10 to 1.15; 100 lb. do. mixed, 1.15 to 1.20; 100 lb. do. mixed, 1.20 to 1.25. SEEDS.—Timothy continued under neglect and nominal at \$2.90 to \$3. The market was bare of Flax, and in the absence of business we quote nominally at \$1.45.

FEED was fairly active and steady on the spot, but dull and weak to arrive, with sales of 2 cars winter wheat Bran, to arrive, at \$20.25 to \$20.60, and 4 cars do. do. spot, in store, at \$22 to \$22.60.

SCROLL SAW PUZZLE

OR AMERICAN EDUCATOR.
Thousands sold daily! Millions more wanted! All done daily with pattern and machine on hand ready for saving cost \$1.00 by mail \$1.50, or two for \$2.50. The half dozen can be saved in about half an hour; when done sell for 75c. each, making a profit of \$3.50. This Scroll Saw is the greatest ever made by J. W. Scott. It is a hand or foot power machine and is used. For illustrated catalogue for a address A. H. SHIPMAN, Rochester, N. Y.

LEARY'S OLD BOOK STORE
No. 9 South Ninth Street
FIRST STORE BELOW MARKET ST.

AGENTS WANTED
Everywhere to sell the best Family Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings with HEEL and TOE complete, in 20 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy work and terms. The Two by Knitting Machine Co., 409 Washington St. Boston, Mass.

Send for Samples and become acquainted with the great establishment,

SOUTHWICK'S COMBINATION STORE.

ELEVENTH AND CHESTNUT STREETS, PHILADELPHIA.

Just fifty great lots of goods we have purchased from the manufacturer and importer, at prices so low that we can confidently assert, no house has ever yet been able to compete with this list. They are all new, choice, and seasonable goods, and worthy of the earnest and quickest attention of every lady.

SEND \$20.00

Lot 1st, 188 pieces Japae Silk, 65¢. These silks are very choice, and are retailed at 50¢. Lot 2d, 41 pieces Satin Stripe Lyons Silks, at \$1.00. Cost to import \$1.05. All choice shades and very rich. Lot 3d, 17 pieces Rich Lyons Black Silk, at \$1.35. Cost the importer \$1.85. Best value ever yet shown. Lot 4th, 188 pieces Fines French Incomet Lanes, 50¢, regular price 37 1/2¢. All new designs. Lot 5th, 979 pieces choice styles Lanes, 75¢, with and without side hands, fast colors, and never sold at less than 12 1/2¢. The choicest mark wash fabric, and cheap at \$1.00. Lot 6th, 241 pieces best quality Sarcenet Soling 12 1/2¢. The choicest mark wash fabric, and cheap at \$1.00. Lot 7th, 67 pieces Best Printed French Satin Cloth, 25¢, never before retailed at less than 37 1/2¢. Lot 8th, Schaeffer Bros. Fine All Wool Lace Bunting, 45¢. We are the only house in the United States that sell this bunting at less than 50¢. Lot 9th, 2,800 pieces choicest styles and best quality Calicoes, 5¢. These are only for consumers; not to be sold at wholesale. Lot 10th, 46 pieces Damase Silk Granadines, 60¢, value \$1.00, black and colors. Lot 11th, 3,000 pieces Languedoc, Purl, Valenciennes, Breton, Irish, Crochet Torchons, Russia, and Black French Lanes, at about one-third off price. Lot 12th, 490 pieces Silk-mixed Boute de Ete Sulting, 12 1/2¢. Lot 13th, 63 pieces 48 inch all wool French Bunting, 85¢, fine imported value, \$1.25. Black and colors. Lot 14th, 121 pieces superior quality all-wool Bunting, 25¢, in black and colors, worth 50¢. Lot 15th, 6 pieces Black Silk and Wool Henrietta Cloths, \$1.75, value \$2.50, and 6 pieces, \$1.50, value \$2.25. Lot 16th, 24 pieces Pure Lyons Colored Satin de Lyon, \$1.65; value, \$2.25. Lot 17th, 34 pieces 42-inch all-wool Bunting, 50¢, value 75¢. Lot 18th, 71 pieces 42-inch all-wool Bunting, Silk Stripe, 65¢, never before sold less than \$1.00. They are in drabs and modes. Lot 19th, 43 pieces Mexican Mesh Granadines, 37 1/2¢, cost to import, 50¢. All black. Lot 20th, 473 pieces Corded Lanes, with sideband, 6 1/2¢; fast colors and most double. Lot 21st, 84 pieces all wool Twilled Debelges, 36 inches wide 37 1/2¢. Never sold less than 50¢. Lot 22d, 108 pieces all wool Twilled Debelges, 26 inches wide, 25¢. Never sold less than 35¢. Lot 23d, 181 pieces White Victoria Lanes, 12 1/2¢, worth 18¢ to 18¢. Lot 24th, 25¢, and 22¢, worth 30¢. Lot 25th, 16 pieces Crepe Watteau, pure silk and wool, airy and bright, at 60¢; cost to land, \$1.05.

SEND \$10.00

and we will send you 10 yards full 46-inch wide Black all wool Mome Cloth, that has not retailed before less than \$1.50 per yard. We will pay postage and register.

SEND \$10.00

and we will send you 20 yards rich Lyons colored silk, 22 inches wide, in brown, myrtle, garnet, plum, mode, and gendarme. Will pay postage and register.

SEND \$10.00

for 20 yards rich pin stripe silks in blue and black, brown and black, black and white, gold and black. Will pay postage and register.

SEND \$8.00

for 15 yards black Mexican mesh granadine, never retailed less than 75 cents a yard. Will pay postage and register.

Lot 26th, 81 pieces Twisted Silk Damase Granadines in coachman's drab, at 75¢; cost, \$1.25.

Lot 27th, 36 pieces Black All Wool Cashmeres, 40 inches wide, at 67¢; would cost to land to yard 90¢.

Lot 28th, 33 pieces Printed Finland Silks and Satins, at \$1.00; cost to import, \$1.80.

Lot 29th, 69 pieces black and all colors Silk Satins, at \$1.00; cheap at \$1.50.

Lot 30th, 98 pieces French Cotton Batiste, at 12 1/2¢; cost, 27¢, in mode, cream, blue, and heliotrope ground, with delicate tracings.

Lot 31st, 11 pieces Black Satin Striped Silk velvets, \$2.25; cost, \$3.50.

Lot 32d, 60 pieces 48-inch French Chevrons, 60¢; cost, \$1.00.

Lot 33d, 4 pieces Rich Black Satin De Lyon, \$2.25; cost, \$3.00.

Lot 34th, 11 pieces very heavy Black and White Mourning Check Silks, 75¢; cheap at \$1.00.

Lot 35th, 23 pieces rich Grograin Black Silks, 70¢; no better to be found at \$1.00.

Lot 36th, 40 pieces Light Grey Marble Mohairs, at 20¢; very pretty and serviceable, and have been 31c.

Lot 37th, 40 pieces Colored Silk and Wool Damase Granadines, 30¢; cheap at 50¢.

Lot 38th, 16 pieces sublime quality Black all-wool Cashmere, \$1.10, real value, \$1.75.

Lot 39th, 400 pieces choice Madras Gingham, 12 1/2¢.

Lot 40th, 643 pieces choice style 4-4 Pacific Crestonnes, 9¢.

Lot 41st, 23 pieces 45 inch French Mome Cloth, \$1.00. All the choice shades, with rth, \$1.25.

Lot 42nd, 9 pieces Black all-silk Check Granadines, 75¢. Never before sold for less than \$1.00.

Lot 43rd, 35 pieces finest French Jaconet Mourning Lanes, 20¢.

Lot 44th, 11 pieces Black Brocade Satin Check, 55¢, cost 80¢.

Lot 45th, 31 pieces Colored Damase Silks, \$1.00, value, \$1.37.

Lot 46th, Black Brocade, Double faced Silks, 89¢, cost \$1.25.

Very rich for old ladies and plain persons.

Lot 47th, 65 pieces 38 inch Colored Cashmeres, 25¢, worth 37 1/2¢.

Lot 48th, 60 pieces all colors Plain Silks, 55¢, worth 75¢.

Lot 49th, 19 pieces 45-inch all silk and wool French Novelties, \$1.25. Have been recently \$2.00.

Lot 50th, 83 pieces Rich Black Silks, \$1.00, \$1.10, \$1.25, \$1.35, \$1.50, and \$1.65. No such value has ever been exhibited before.

SEND 35c.

and stamp for Cream Languedoc Lace Tie, worth 65c.

SEND 10c.

and stamp for White Kid Finish Lisle Glove, worth 25c.

SEND 89c.

and stamp for "Southwick's own" Two Button Kid Gloves, all colors and Black. Every pair warranted. For 3-button, \$1.00; for 4-button, \$1.10; for 6-button, \$1.50 with stamp.

SEND 55c.

for three Elastic Lace Lisle Gloves worth 75c.

SEND 85c.

and stamp for three Elastic Silk Kid Finished Gloves, very scarce.

SEND 25c.

and stamp for very fine Linen Cambric Hemstitch Handkerchief, with polka dots.

SEND \$2.75

and 15c. stamp, for 26-inch fine twilled silk sun umbrella, worth \$4.00.

SEND \$1.00

and stamp for very rich Brocade Silk Handkerchief, worth \$1.50, naming your color.

SEND 35c.

and five-cent stamp for large Damask Towel with border, worth 50c.

SEND \$8.00

for large size long Black Thibet Shawl worth \$11.00.

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A Merchant who makes hundreds of thousands of garments ought to be able to secure the best styles, materials and work, and who can expect to lead him in price?

We make not only thousands, but thousands of a great many kinds. You have the advantage not only in quality and price, but of a great variety of finished garments to choose from as well.

Those who do not know our ways need to be told that we GIVE SATISFACTION! If you expect so much of us that we can't satisfy you with clothing, we give you your money back. There is a great deal of satisfaction in that.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,

OAK HALL, SIXTH AND MARKET STS.

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20c. to \$15.00 per yd.

Gimps

(beaded and plain)
10c. to \$8.00 per yd.

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Fringes for Lumbres, Mantles, Tables, Gimps, Braids, &c.

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Double Store,

TWICE

Its Former Size.

THE MAMMOTH TRIMMING HOUSE

THE LARGEST AND CHEAPEST STOCK OF DRESS TRIMMINGS IN PHILADELPHIA.

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PARTRIDGE & RICHARDSON, 17 & 19 NORTH EIGHTH STREET.

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